THE LIVING AGE

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The World in Review

In This Number:

A Greater American Axis	*W. L. Macdonald*
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Mysterious Herr Wohltat	*L. M.*
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Number 16 (A Story)	*Elizabeth Bowen*

The World Over — The American Scene — Letters and the Arts
Books Abroad — Notes and Comments — Miscellany

FILE

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City. Editor: Joseph Hilton Smyth; Associate Editors: R. Norden, L. Cores. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1939, by The Living Age Company, Inc., New York, New York. Joseph H. Smyth, President; Harrison Smith, Vice President; Irvine Harvey Williams, Secretary and Treasurer.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

M. C. MACDONALD, professor of English at the University of British Columbia, thinks that relations between Canada and the United States need thorough overhauling. He suggests a reversal of Canada's policy toward Great Britain—a policy dictated mainly by sentiment and trade—and thinks that Canada should realize her rôle as an integral part of the North American continent. [p. 8]

STEPHEN KING-HALL has risen overnight from comparative obscurity to world fame. For a number of years this British publicist, a former naval commander and member of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, has issued a weekly newsletter. For no reason other than his desire to break through the wall of ignorance that bars the German people from a knowledge of international political realities, he despatched 50,000 personal letters to individual Germans telling them a few ostensible truths about their country. The first mailing reached its destination without interception. That might have been the end of it had not Dr. Goebbels inadvertently given the letters enormous publicity. His vituperative riposte to King-Hall was splashed across six columns of the *Völkischer Beobachter*. We reprint in this issue excerpts from King-Hall's letters and Dr. Goebbels's reply. [p. 12]

THE article entitled 'Lords of the British Press' was written by Lord Camrose, the owner of the London *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, when his newspaper passed the three-quarter of a million circulation mark. Originally published in his own organ, it met with such response that he published it in booklet form. [p. 17]

WILLIAM PARKER, former American foreign correspondent and an authority on South and Central American affairs, writes a survey of the third largest South American republic and its picturesque dictator, who 'knows nothing about politics,' but still manages to drive a shrewd bargain with both democracies and the totalitarian States. [p. 22]

THE onslaught of German imperialism in Central Europe—be it anticipation of the coming explosion in Poland, or the Civil War in Spain—has brought in its wake wholesale emigration, bloody retaliation and passive sabotage. In the section entitled 'Oppression Overseas,' we have assembled four articles giving us a glimpse of uneasy Europe. [p. 27]

AS FICTION this month we publish a story by Elizabeth Bowen, the brilliant Irish novelist, whose latest book, *The Death of the Heart*, has been much acclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic. The story has the same nostalgic quality that distinguishes all her works. [p. 37]

KINGSLEY MARTIN, editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*, looks over the long path the world traveled since the World War and finds that it leads it back to the tragic outbreak of hostilities. [p. 50]

THE strong anti-British trends in India have provided a fertile soil for Nazi propaganda, especially since not so long ago Hitler was an idol of Indian Nationalist youth; since then, however, this attitude has changed considerably and the vast bulk of political India is definitely anti-Fascist. In 'India Listens' Khawaja Ahmed Abbas, who is on the staff of the *Bombay Chronicle*, sums up the present situation. [p. 55]

RYUTARO NAGAI, who poses 'Some Questions for President Roosevelt,' was a

(*Continued on page 100*)

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BULLETIN

After this September issue of THE LIVING AGE had gone to press, the crisis that had hung over Europe since Munich reached the stage where an apparently irresistible Nazi force was removed from the immovable object that is Polish sentiment by a matter of only a few yards in space and a few minutes in time. Even as radio bulletins reported the unconfirmed advance of Reichswehr detachments into Polish frontier districts, it still appeared that Warsaw might delay a world catastrophe by conceding to Chancellor Hitler's demands, virtually an ultimatum that would mean the disappearance of Poland as a national entity.

At this zero hour, the decision was primarily Poland's to make, not Britain's nor France's. These two democratic nations have reiterated their pledge to Poland in language that, if words are not bereft of all meaning today, does not permit of retraction nor evasion by legal technicality. The responsibility upon Poland is enormous at this moment, and men of the calibre of Foreign Minister Jozef Beck are fully conscious of the murderous realities of the picture. The first World War cost more than ten million lives.

None but a fool today, August 24, can predict what the horror-burdened next hour will bring, but it may at least be said with some degree of confidence that Poland will not insist upon war with Germany unless profoundly convinced that British and French guarantees, after possible territorial concessions to Hitler, are worthless.

They proved worthless in the instance of Czecho-Slovakia after Munich.

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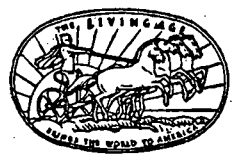

September, 1939 *Volume 357, Number 4476*

The World Over

AS EUROPE ENTERS the second year of 'crisis nerves,' the pattern of power politics throughout the world remains virtually unchanged. Threats and appeasement are still the order of the day, with the specter of war ever in the offing. Meanwhile, attempts to enlist American aid and sympathy continue with constantly increasing bombardments of propaganda. The same 'identity of interests,' the same 'defense of democracy' slogans used so successfully a quarter of a century ago are once again being brought into play. We are told that American interests are one with those of the anti-Fascist countries of Europe. We are told that only in a peace controlled by the 'democratic' powers of Europe is there any hope for the future.

Americans might well retort, 'We gave you peace twenty years ago. What did you do with it?'

THE PROLONGATION of the Chamber of Deputies for two years was met in the French press with the mild resignation that has marked its acceptance of all the decrees issued during the recent course of Daladier's premiership. It was not unexpected: most of the deputies knew, before scuttling away to the provinces, that the elections would be adjourned until 1942. Strangely enough, the Right did not mind the virtual continuation of the extreme Leftist Chamber of 1936; Daladier appears to have taken them by surprise.

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Objections to the abrupt adjournment mostly center around the personality of Daladier, who is regarded by some as a potential dictator. But there is no doubt that his régime has been marked by signs of recovery. Some degree of financial confidence has been regained, and a more united nation now faces the totalitarian bloc.

According to *L'Ordre*, one of the best-informed conservative papers in Paris, the danger lies in Daladier's 'scornful' attitude toward Parliament. In the past it has been more than cavalier—he has indulged in outbursts of ill-humor and has been designedly rude. He had let Deputies engage in discussions with the air of, 'Let them talk. What they do is of no importance.' Lower house members feel that his conduct created a gulf between the legislative and executive departments of the Republic. If that is so, it may be difficult for him to remember that decree powers must lapse and the country eventually return to a normal régime.

THE GERMAN LOAN to Soviet Russia of 200,000,000 marks and the Soviet undertaking to sell the Reich badly-needed raw materials totaling 180,000,000 marks are significant for more than the amounts and the materials involved. The nub of the agreement, revealed late last month, is that a nation does not lend such sums to another nation with which it expects to be at war. Thus while at first examination the Soviet-German trade pact might seem to strike a blow at current British and French exertions to induce Moscow into a military anti-aggression front, this German *coup* may nevertheless itself serve as an effective war deterrent in that Germany will not make any lightning move that, provoking the condemnation of the Soviets, would imperil the flow from the Reich's newly-tapped sources of wheat and oil. The tendency may well be to read too much importance into the agreement, since it comes at a critical time and after months of abortive labor among the British, French and Soviet negotiators at Moscow. It should be borne in mind that four years ago an identical loan was extended by Berlin to the Soviet Union.

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that Germany has achieved another bloodless victory, in nature both material and psychological. Even were the loan never repaid, 200,000,000 marks seems a small tribute to pay for conceivably 'neutralizing' the Soviet Union. It must be noted, too, that the agreement may be a body blow to the aims of the 'peace front' when considered in the light of current reports of other German overtures to Moscow. While such reports are still far from confirmation, their burden is that Hitler is further wooing Moscow with an offer of German support in Asia and the Far East in return for the partition of Poland between the two.

THE INDIGNATION OF THE BALTIC STATES at the idea of being 'guaranteed' by Britain and Russia against direct or indirect

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aggression has also contributed largely to the delay in the final line-up of the European Powers in the present 'war of nerves.' The indignation on the part of Latvia, Finland and Estonia is very genuine, and for extremely simple reasons: they do not trust Chamberlain, and they decidedly do not trust Russia. And, above all, they fear Communism.

It is not that the Baltic statesmen bear any ill-will toward Chamberlain for his failure to keep his pledges and shed British blood over Czecho-Slovakia. They say he was right, in fact, for not fighting, for Czecho-Slovakia was not worth a war—from a British viewpoint. What moral they do draw from Czecho-Slovakia is that a small nation which openly courts German displeasure, no matter how greatly it is egged on by its allies, deserves what it gets. As for their distrust of Russia, the Baltic statesmen say the Bolsheviks invaded their countries in 1918–19 and did all they could to prevent their independence. While it is true that for the past twenty years Moscow has remained strictly out of Baltic affairs, these statesmen insist that the Soviet is again eyeing the Baltic seacoast.

Behind the refusal of the Baltic States to be 'guaranteed' is, of course, a strong German influence in Latvia, Estonia and Finland. The Latvian President Dr. Karlis Ulmanis is a patriot with a respect for the Nazi system, and he sees no threat to his country's independence from Hitler. On the other hand, a Russian guarantee would mean considerable trouble from the strong German minority in Riga. The pro-German movement in Estonia is equally strong. President Konstantin Päts, like Ulmanis, has copied a great deal from the Nazi system. However, Estonia did not have to accept German requests for a pact, as did Latvia, and could have declared a non-aggression treaty with Germany on the lines of the Scandinavian countries. Päts, however, was put under pressure—from quarters connected with the British Foreign Office, oddly enough. Fear of Russia in Estonia verges almost on hysteria.

Democratic Finland, with a Left Government, is the most pro-German of all the Baltic States. While every class and party has as much hatred for Nazism as it has for Communism—the small Fascist Party lost 7 of its 14 seats at the July election—the Finns are highly susceptible to German influence. Yet the Government Parties themselves look back with gratitude to the part Germany played in the liberation of Finland in 1918. Particularly powerful are the Jaegers—the men who hold high commands in the Army today and who, as boys, went to Germany to train to fight for Finnish independence when Finland was a Grand Duchy of Russia. It is these men who form a dangerous factor in Finland, who think that the Government should play along with Hitler—which is the same as playing with fire, considering that Finland is caught in the crossroads of the Baltic.

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THAT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FOR HUNGARY from the maws of the Axis was plain last month as the dreaded 'August Crisis' began to flare, with Danzig possibly serving only as a smoke-screen. But exactly to what purpose Hitler and Mussolini are to use unhappy Hungary in their plans is hard to determine. Reports reaching the United States of Hungarian 'irritation' at Nazi penetration and of possible German demands for closer coöperation from Hungary were naïve, to say the least. For not the least interesting factor of the highly peculiar position in which the Budapest Government found itself at the middle of last month was the fact that Hungary, already virtually flattened under the Nazi-Fascist juggernaut, was well along the road of what is now called Nazi-Fascism several years before the two dictatorial régimes were established in Italy and then in Germany.

But the Hungarians, last Asiatic peoples to settle in Europe, retain a subtlety which the Germans and even the Italians now scorn, while, in addition, the Hungarian upper classes have long been imitators of the British Tories. As a result, the Budapest Government, after having put down Communism in 1919, following the fall of the Bela Kun régime, and gradually strengthening anti-Semitic policies which finally took legal form, has all along retained the framework of a parliamentary system, promised the secret ballot to the country districts and pretended to be preparing to break up the landed estates which still keep the peasants in virtual serfdom. Now, having lived under the sway of a native brand of fascism, the Hungarian ruling classes are faced with the prospect of perishing by the sword of the Rome-Berlin Axis.

Like Poland, which grabbed Teschen, Hungary may take what satisfaction she can in the fact that she also profited from Germany's drive against Czecho-Slovakia by acquiring another piece—Carpatho-Ukraine—of that unfortunate little democracy. And there is irony in the fact, too, that Hungary, like Austria, was linked with Italy in the Rome-Vienna-Budapest triangle which preceded the Rome-Berlin Axis and which was designed to block off Germany from southeastern Europe to the profit of Italy.

GREAT BRITAIN'S OBVIOUS CAPITULATION to Japan over the Tientsin problem, where the British had been barricaded since June 14, by mid-August showed every sign that the difficulties between London and Tokyo were far from settled. While Sir Robert Craigie, the British Ambassador, had agreed upon a 'basic formula' for the talks which virtually granted the Japanese Army belligerent rights in China and later agreed to turn over four terrorists charged with the murder of Dr. Cheng Lien-shi, highly respected superintendent of Customs, during a movie performance in the Grand Theater, the talks in Tokyo then

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proceeded to 'broader issues.' These of course concerned economic questions in North China, including large Chinese silver holdings in the banks of the British Concession, which Japan demands be turned over to the New Central Government, for the reason that the money belonged to the Central Government at Peking in the first place. There was also the very large question of the British withdrawing their support of the *fapi* or Chinese dollar in the North China area which the Japanese had outlawed in preference to the yen-pegged Federal Reserve bank money.

The monetary problem, of course, is of prime importance in that upon the recognition of the yen-pegged notes largely depends the building of Japan's proposed New Order in East Asia. However, just as the conversations veered toward the more serious economic side of the problem, London began to balk as the New Order tended to be a serious menace to Britain's extra-territorial rights in Asia and a blow to her huge investments.

The treatment accorded to British nationals in Tientsin, where they were rudely treated and some of them forced to strip, caused Prime Minister Chamberlain to make the surprising statement in Commons that: 'It makes my blood boil!'—something his opponents, in view of his policies of appeasement in Europe and Asia, could hardly believe was possible. When the Tientsin talks reached what looked like an impasse, the Japanese authorities in Tientsin issued another warning that, unless Britain quickly came to terms, there would be 'other happenings to make Mr. Chamberlain's blood boil even more.' Whereupon the blockade was tightened.

EXACTLY WHAT THE UNITED STATES was doing backstage in the Far Eastern drama was hard for observers to say. On July 26, the State Department, after apparently disregarding London's pleas for a stiff 'parallel action' in China—which led to Britain's conciliatory attitude—suddenly abrogated the American-Japanese treaty of commerce of 1911, apparently aimed at an arms embargo six months hence. Washington's action came as a complete surprise to London, although Japan was not completely taken unawares in view of the fact that there had been considerable pressure in Congress for an arms embargo for some time. The *Yomiuri Shimbu* of Tokyo, laconically editorialized: 'It will make little difference, for the United States has already enforced an embargo against Japan in one way or another.'

But suddenly temper arose in Tokyo and one of the largest political parties adopted a resolution declaring that 'the American denunciation of the 1911 Treaty makes it all the more imperative that Japan should go ahead constructing the New Order in East Asia with grim determination, no matter what attitude is taken by the Foreign Powers.' The reso-

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lution demanded that the government ascertain America's real motives in so abruptly terminating the treaty and urged that any new treaty with the United States should now insist on the recognition of the New Order.

While the United States had been regarded as one of the few friends Japan still has in the Western world, in view of the fact that Japan owes her present status as a world Power to American diplomats and traders, the more hot-headed editorial writers began to mutter about 'retaliation' and classed the United States with 'Japan's three worst enemies—Red Russia, Imperial Britain and Decadent France.'

Generally, however, the abrogation of the treaty was taken calmly by the more cool headed statesmen and writers. Okinori Kaya, former Finance Minister, said:—

> There's nothing to worry about. What if the United States has abrogated the 1911 Treaty—it was obsolete in the first place, so what of it? I think it is only an American gesture towards Japan. If she took a firmer stand it would mean severance of all commercial relations, and we are America's third best customer. Where else could she sell her oil and cotton? Japan can buy them elsewhere if necessary.

Judging from the apparent breakdown of the talks in Tokyo between Britain and Japan, America's action apparently was not sufficient support to London, and Britain's sun was definitely beginning to set in Asia.

Washington's action, however, did have one amusing repercussion. With the United States now placed alongside Britain as an 'unfriendly' neighbor, Kan Kikuchi, a leading novelist and writer, declared at a mass meeting at Hibya Hall: 'The teaching of English in the schools at present is absolutely unnecessary . . . we do not wish to speak with Americans and Englishmen, if they are going to stick to a policy of impeding Japan and supporting the Moscow puppet, Chiang Kai-shek.' To tourists this might prove to be good news, freeing them from the necessity of being stopped everywhere while students 'practice' their 'English' on them.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA is engaged in one of those censorship tussles in which, if a hoary precedent prevails, the Government is certain to lose. The Department of National Revenue at Ottawa takes the paternalistic and misguided view that by officially proscribing that which it deems 'subversive' or 'obscene' in mailed and other literature, or in the theatre or the motion-picture, it can so improve upon public morals that presumably in time it will breed a race of ascetic Canadians. The latter are informed with audible tones of righteousness that in 1938 the Department's agents fell upon 26,639 magazines, 3,897 newspapers, 16,040 pamphlets and 581 books. Those unknown civil servants, acting as lord high magistrates over this mass of suspect literature (including cow-boy operas, 'whodunits,' and tales of Parisian night life), outdid their 1937 record by a substantial margin.

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Eventually the Dominion, precisely as did the United States in the case, for example, of National Prohibition, must face the eternal truth that the morals of a people cannot be legislated upward to a plane of astral purity; and that neither can the immorally 'suggestive' be legislated out of existence. The Quebec film censors have just had their fumbling way with *Wuthering Heights*. The result of this pious labor is that to Canadian audiences the one aspect of the novel the censors regarded as morally destructive is stressed and not minimized.

Repeatedly in history it has been proved that public taste, which is the product of education (or lack of education) is the sole censor that operates successfully. Artificial attempts to legislate a people's morals, as the present Canadian effort, defeat their own objective. A liberal contemporary, the *Canadian Forum*, adds an ironic footnote in comment on the 'achievements' of the Department of National Revenue: it remarks that the number of books in the Quebec public libraries still remains at only .3 per capita of the population.

WITHIN THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA is Basutoland, an independent British protectorate slightly smaller than Switzerland and almost as mountainous. There, last month, was enacted a drama that only an O'Neill, whose brain fathered *The Emperor Jones*, could do justice in the telling. Chief Nathanial Griffith Lerothodi, who had ruled for 26 long years, lay dead in his capital at Maseru. To pay him homage, 20,000 warriors, warmly wrapped in gaudy blankets, rode through the snowy passes of the Drakensburg Mountains. And, as they battled the deep, white drifts they scented trouble in the frosty air.

Now, with the death of Chief Lerothodi there were two claimants to the chieftainship—Seeiso and Bereng, half brothers. As long as their father was alive he kept the wrangling brothers apart. Bereng, the semi-Europeanized son and his father's favorite, was at Maseru when his sire passed on. Seeiso, the more popular of the two among the people and noted as a race-horse owner, was at his mountain home at Mohotlong. Racing ponies in relays over the perilous cliffs, he arrived at Maritzburg, in neighboring Natal, took a plane to Maseru, and arrived in time for the funeral—but too late to claim the chieftainship. The headmen had already chosen Bereng. The bad blood between the half-brothers kept the country's 500,000 people on tenterhooks, for trouble was definitely ahead—the warriors already had 'smelled it.' At the end of a week of sulking, Seeiso announced he would accept Bereng as chieftain rather than risk internal conflict and ultimate incorporation of the country into the Union. The two men then visited their father's grave and wept quietly side by side.

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An interesting proposal concerning ourselves and our closest neighbor.

U. S.-Canada Peace Axis

By W. L. MacDonald

From the *Canadian Forum*
Toronto Topical Monthly

THE proposition is that Canada should link its foreign policy with that of the United States.

In all recent discussions of Canadian defense one of the constant arguments to appear is the fact that, as part of the American continent, Canada must rely for defense, consciously or otherwise, upon the United States. It is curious and significant that this reliance upon our neighbor, generally viewed as being of ultimate importance, is merely predicated and forthwith dropped. May it be that this phenomenon is only another instance of what has been called ostrichism, a disorder said by many besides the cartoonist Low to infect all the democratic countries during recent years, and particularly during the past few months? It has occurred to the writer that the relations between Canada and the North American continent, more specifically the United States, ought to be brought more into the open if our 'great neighbor' is as important an element in Canadian defense as she is alleged to be. Certainly a frank discussion of the question can do no harm, and there is just a chance that it may lead to some clarification of the situation.

It is with a view to 'doing something about it' that the present article is written. Next to the ever-present domestic problems of unemployment and national unity, the question that sits nearest the heart and conscience of the Canadian people is that of a foreign policy. The policy of the present government is generally considered to be one of drift, absence of policy, and when all the factors of the situation are taken into consideration, a good argument may be made for such an attitude. For a policy of independent isolation, however, no good argument can be advanced. At the present time Canada is part of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and at all times a part of the North American continent; and it is hard to see how she can ever plow a lone furrow in international politics. In any

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case, such an idea is out of step with contemporary world movements. As for an imperial policy, by which is meant a development in some form or sense of the present system, much has been said about it, and a great deal more is likely to be said in the months which lie before us. For the present argument, however, it should here be observed that within the past few years, and more particularly within recent months, Canada's attitude towards Great Britain has altered.

The plain fact is that the people of Canada are no longer in a mood to sing, as they might have sung thirty years ago, that version of our national anthem which features the words '*By Britain's side whate'er betide.*'

At the time of the Boer War in one of the so-called patriotic songs of the hour, Johnny Canuck was celebrated as a hero because:—

He knew that he was wanted, never asked
the reason why,
He took his gun and on the run made all
the burghers fly.

But the Great War has intervened since then and also the Great Scares of last September, March and April, and the 'reason why' is a matter of insistent question. Rightly or wrongly Great Britain has been accused of helping to knife the League of Nations on at least three important occasions (Canada acting as assistant surgeon on one of them), and whoever is to blame, the cause of collective security—Canada's chief interest in the European scene—has suffered what appears to be a fatal blow. Furthermore, Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement, which should in theory appeal to all civilized nations, has left us in bewildered alarm because it appears to rest for its fulfillment upon the pre-War system of European alliances; and most people on this continent regard the issue of that system to be war, inevitable and catastrophic. Be the issue what it may, Canadian confidence in the direction of British foreign policy has been badly strained if not broken, and in a world that momently seems on the point of running amuck, it would appear to be an act of wise realism to turn in the direction in which the greatest hope of peace and security lies—the United States.

II

In other words, Canada's position on questions involving her relations with other nations should be settled on the basis of a mutual understanding with the government of our American neighbor. And there should be a frank announcement to that effect. The change would have to be openly proclaimed so that not only the Empire but the whole world would be in no doubt as to the course Canada would take in all future disputes. Such an open declaration of policy would be in the best modern democratic tradition.

It is as difficult to define the nature of the proposed policy as it is to 'define' the policy of drift attributed to the present Liberal government. One can only speak of direction or aim. Whereas in general Canada now looks toward Great Britain for a lead in matters of foreign policy, she would henceforward look to the United States. Two examples of what is implied in a common foreign policy may be given:—

1. Under the leadership of the United States, Canada would become North American; she would send representatives to the Pan-American con-

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ferences; and so closely are the interests of the two countries bound together, so nearly alike do they think on world questions of the day, that they would probably pull together on most of the issues raised. It may even be that the fact of there being a large Roman Catholic element in Canada would make an appeal to the religious sentiment of Latin America; if so the way might be made smoother for an understanding between the American continents.

2. Our relations with the League of Nations might have to change, although there seems to be no necessary incompatibility in holding membership in the League and membership in a Union of American Republics at the same time. At the best we might persuade our neighbors to enter the League; at the worst we might have to withdraw from formal membership in a League which no longer means much for collective security. Even if the worst happened, we could still send representatives to sit on special committees dealing with questions of significance to Canada (as the delegates of the United States represent the interests of their nation) at the same time preserving our official connection with the International Labor Organization. Whether at Pan-American Conferences or at Geneva, Canada's voice, it is to be supposed, would be as vigorous in criticism as it has been upon occasion at Imperial Conferences.

Such a reversal of our traditional policy toward Great Britain would in the long run almost surely make for a strengthening of the bonds between the democratic, or, at least, the Anglo-Saxon communities. Since the change would presumably come about in time of peace, there would be no necessary lessening of the sentiment toward Great Britain, and sentiment and trade are practically all that now holds Canada to England. That being the case, Canada could continue playing, as some people say, the rôle of interpreter between her American cousins and the mother country; only, it would seem, with vastly increased effectiveness. It is hardly likely that Great Britain would ever enter upon a war without at least the sympathy of the United States, much less would she engage in a war when the sympathy of practically the whole North American continent was against her.

III

One further item must be noted as especially significant of the rapid drawing together of the two neighbors —the proposed Alaska Highway. This is a matter vital to the defense of both Canada and the United States in the event of an attack upon the west coast. The project is still in the initial stages, but the significant thing about the whole scheme is the fact that there has appeared very little sign of strenuous opposition from either side of the border. The general tone of acquiescence with which the scheme has been received in the press is significant of the importance of the economic interdependence of the neighboring peoples. Sir Evelyn Wrench, founder and Vice-President of the Overseas League, has recently suggested in a letter to the London *Times* that England should contribute £3,000,000 toward the scheme as a thank-offering for 125 years of peace between the two English-speaking commonwealths.

Finally one looks for historical par-

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allels to see whether the past has anything to say to us on such a matter. Much could be learned from a study of the post-War relations between the Scandinavian countries, but let us merely refer to the most obvious parallel—that of Scotland and England. Here were two neighbors not separated by natural barriers, to a large extent sprung from common stock and speaking a common language, whose national pride had been fostered and mutual antagonism exacerbated by centuries of strife, and whose hatred would probably have kept them at one another's throats for another century had not reason and geography spoken a final word. No responsible historian has ever contended that the Act of Union of 1707, carried though it was by corrupt means, has been anything but a blessing to both nations. Incidentally no one has ever contended that the union of the two peoples has meant the swamping of the peculiar qualities of the weaker nation. The Scots the world over appear to be about as Scotch now as they were two hundred years ago.

Canada and the United States are another two nations who speak the same language and who spring largely from the same stock. But they boast of a century and a quarter of peace, and obviously like one another. If historical parallels mean anything, there would appear to be a good chance of any kind of union between the two North American countries making for peace and prosperity. But in the case under consideration it is not a federal union, not to say a legislative union, that is contemplated —simply a common foreign policy in face of a mad world, a large part of which does not think, as we do, in terms of democracy.

It will no doubt be objected to the policy here outlined that it would be the proverbial thin edge of the wedge and that it would have as its final effect the splitting up of the Empire. This was the argument which wrecked the Liberal hopes during the 1911 campaign on the Reciprocity issue. The answer is that if the idea of mutual agreement with the United States on matters of foreign policy is a good thing for Canadians in the present circumstances, the future should be allowed to take care of itself. The aim and direction of such a policy is peace, not only for America but for the world. It is much better to endow the next generation with the fruits of peace than to saddle a succession of generations with the minimum price of war—mountains of taxes, frustration, and hatred.

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A new propaganda device is used by a London political writer to reach the ear of the average German citizen.

Propaganda *by* Direct Mail

I. Dear German Reader . . . .

By Stephen King-Hall

[*The highly skilled German propagandist, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, recently appears to have committed a major blunder. A relatively obscure British publicist and the editor of a political 'tipster' service, Commander Stephen King-Hall, hit on the novel plan of dispatching tens of thousands of letters addressed to 'average' Germans throughout the Reich, culling their names from telephone-books and other directories. These communications, couched in a disarming tone and intended to open the eyes of the addressees to events abroad and, more particularly, to how the world outside regards Hitler, very obviously provoked the usually wily Dr. Goebbels into a fury. The upshot was that the King-Hall letters, which were four in number, obtained publication in many parts of the world. The following King-Hall communication is a condensation of these letters, as is also the response of Dr. Goebbels, who professed to see in them the machinations of the British Foreign Office.*—The Editors]

DEAR German Reader:—It seems that we have become quite famous people, you and I. Who would have thought that your newspapers would foam at the mouth because I, Stephen King-Hall, wrote you a letter about the chances of permanent peace between our two nations?

The *Völkischer Beobachter*, the *Local-Anzeiger* and the *Hamburger Tageblatt*, to quote only three newspapers, have had the most to say, but many others have also used abusive and actually insulting language. A child can tell that the Nazis are very much annoyed over the fact that you have had the opportunity of getting acquainted with my ideas.

But we don't have to lose any sleep over that. Officials are always at heart unimaginative, and I'm inclined to

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believe that you will continue to have these letters delivered. In case, however, one of our good friends of the Gestapo should get to see these messages, I am hereby telling him that no one in Germany has asked me for a letter, though it is true that quite a few have answered me.

Events are tumbling over each other nowadays. When this letter reaches you, we may already be at war. At the time of my writing, there seems to be the serious danger that Hitler still doubts England's intervention in case of a war between Germany and Poland. I am sorry to learn from the German newspapers, which, naturally, arrive in England quite freely and are never confiscated, that the fine speech by Lord Halifax was not fully reported in the German papers.

Why? Make no mistake! If your Führer is misled by his advisers and decides to take Danzig because he has been told that England and France would not help the Polish, then that means war. And why will you have to fight? Can any one seriously say that there are Germans in Danzig who are oppressed by the Poles? Whoever says that is a liar. I have just returned from Danzig. The city is entirely under the domination of the National Socialist Party. The Poles merely have certain commercial rights, which Hitler himself has admitted are necessary for the Polish *Lebensraum*.

Has anyone ever told you that we too have a few demands to make? Shall I tell you what they are? I know it will strike you as strange, but I would like to tell you about them:—

1. The foreign policy of the Nazi régime must be changed. We are fed up with having to live in a constant state of crisis. Perhaps it does not matter to you, but many millions of other people have had enough of it and won't stand for it any longer.

2. Our gorge rises when we hear of the 'necessity to live dangerously,' as Mussolini so nicely puts it. Your leaders must demonstrate whether or not they are ready to coöperate with us peacefully and to bring about improved conditions in the world. We insist on knowing where we stand.

3. The rights and liberties of the Czechs must be considered if the basis for permanent peace is to be fixed. Many Englishmen favored the return of the Sudeten Germans into the Reich, provided they themselves desired this return. It was for that reason that England gave its consent to the Munich Agreement, which Goebbels now tells us was merely a trick. But the mere thought that the Gestapo is now in control of Prague makes us boil. Is there really anyone who pretends that Prague is a German city?

4. Then there is the Jewish question. Do you seriously believe that we shall permit you to place this responsibility on the world for all time without contributing in the least to its discharge? I should like to add, in connection with the Jewish problem, that I know many Germans—I would like to say the majority of Germans—were appalled by the barbarous pogroms of November 10, 1938.

These are a few of the subjects on which we would make demands, should we all meet at a general peace conference. The difference between Munich and the next conference is that we have learned from Munich how dangerous it is to negotiate with Hitler unless one has the courage to abandon him when he becomes unreasonable.

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The next time we shall remember this.

I fully realize that Hitler is used to demanding and getting his way rather than to giving anything himself. It may be difficult for him to realize that there has to be give and take. Perhaps he will never understand it. A short while ago I spoke to a well-known Nazi leader. After a long conversation, I said to him: 'Suppose all German demands were granted at one stroke, would the Führer then permit Germany to become a member of some international institution or organization whose aim it would be to bring about the peaceful solution of controversies? Does the Führer believe at all in international coöperation based on justice instead of force?' My German friend replied: 'Frankly, no. He would say that all such things are nonsense.' But what other way out remains?

There are several possibilities. If the Führer tries to take Danzig, there will be war. I don't believe that it must necessarily be a short war. Perhaps you will be successful in the beginning, as you were in the last war; but your eventual defeat is inevitable. You cannot fight against the whole world. And you will start out with the serious handicap of having world public opinion against you. Can anyone deny that if a world plebiscite on the popularity of nations were taken, it would become obvious that National Socialist Germany is the most hated and detested country in the world? That is a tragedy.

What can be done to stave off this war?

1. You must listen to our point of view just as we listen to yours. Dr. Goebbels, with his vulgar ballyhoo, which is to form your mind in one direction only, is a public menace.

2. We must eventually get to know each other. The best way to do that is personal contact.

3. Why should we not exchange sections of the populations, let us say, for three months? Fifty thousand of you would come over here as guests of English families and fifty thousand of us would go to Germany as your guests. Would the Nazi régime permit this? Since they say that it is equivalent to treason for a German to answer this letter, I doubt it!

I hope to hear from you again soon.

With best regards, yours,

Stephen King-Hall

II. Reply to King-Hall

By Joseph Goebbels

Translated from the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Berlin National-Socialist Daily

In A pamphlet with which you have favored a vast number of German addressees, you, Mr. Stephen King-Hall, are attempting to speak to the German people. If we condescend to answer your stylistic exercises at all, please do not think that we regard you as more important than you really are. If, as you say, you were a private citizen, we would have completely ignored the fact that you were impudent enough to start a controversy with German public opinion and to disseminate anti-German propaganda

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material among wide strata of the German people. However, by accident —unlucky for you but all the more lucky for us—we have learned that you are in the service of the British Foreign Office and that your letters are written, printed and dispatched with the kindly collaboration of Lord Halifax. For that reason they are, one might say, of an official character, and this fact gives the whole matter an altogether different aspect.

Not that it softens the puerility of your childish propaganda, masquerading as high moral indignation, as is always the case when the British wish to put something over. On the contrary, this infantile stupidity is all the more glaring since it stems directly from Downing Street's propaganda factory.

You say that you want to speak to the German people and that you will welcome replies to your letters. One can only be thankful for this request. No person of feeling could withstand such a kind invitation. You even address your letters to the 'Dear German Reader.' After reading this reply you will have to decide whether he is 'dear' or not.

You ask of us that we think independently, and you claim to give us independent information. The question is, independent of what? Probably independent of the truth, from which British information has of late disassociated itself more and more. Your information service, you say, is a privately conducted public institution. Ha! Ha! Ha! Excellently put. Your employer, Lord Halifax, will experience a thrill at your childish piece of work.

And then you ask this somewhat scurrilous question of your 'Dear German Reader': 'Why am I writing?' You say that you write because you want peace. There we are! Probably it is the same peace mission which caused Great Britain to strangle a defenseless people at Versailles, to oppress, rob and exploit it for fourteen years.

It is this spirit which has deprived us of our warships and merchant marine, has robbed us of our colonies and has tortured and humiliated us wherever possible. Why, my fine fellow, haven't you spoken or written even once in favor of peace and understanding during all these long years? Why haven't you directed your wrathful attacks upon your own British statesmen when they plunged Germany, and with her the whole of Europe, into the gravest catastrophe? At that time you were serving in the Imperial British Navy or in the Royal Institute of International Affairs. You probably liked it and thought it was right to steal the bread out of the mouth of the 'Dear German Reader,' to plunge our people into inflation and depression with utter hypocrisy and with unctuous slogans of one kind or another. Or had you at that time already cloaked your brutalities in a mantle of humanitarian phrases?

II

You write that you know what war is like. The Führer certainly knows it much better than you, for he did not conduct war against women and children, but for almost four years lay opposite English soldiers in the trenches. That is why he has made sure that you and your British gentlemen can no longer attack us out of the clear sky. Did Versailles originate with us

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or with you? Did the Versailles Treaty make for an honorable peace?

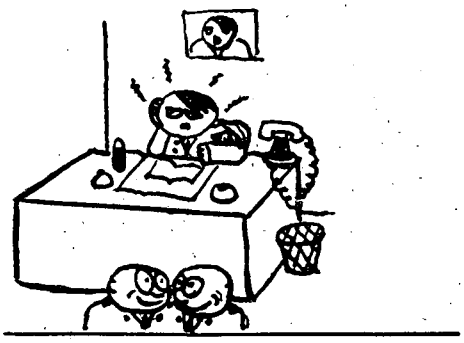
No! Until this very day England has withheld an honorable peace from us. Despite your solemn promises you took away our colonies. They do you no good. Your country is—as many Englishmen admit—incapable of utilizing them. You have neither the men nor even the inclination. Nevertheless, you are not returning them to Germany. Why not? Because in your lust for power you do not merely want to withhold an honorable peace from Germany and also because you want to ruin our people.

You add that there is not the slightest prospect for Great Britain to make any kind of concession to Germany until confidence in Germany's word is restored. You completely fail to grasp the situation. No one is asking you for concessions! Nobody expects them! We do not demand any charity of you, only our rights. We do not stand before your capitalist democracies as humble petitioners. If our just claims are rejected, we will know how to get our rights. And let there be no sanctimonious wailing that Europe is falling from one crisis into the other. It is your employers whose fault it is, Mr. Propaganda-mongerer.

You are suddenly concerned about the 'freedom' of the Czechs. You are shedding crocodile tears over a people to whom nothing has happened and who do not concern you. Yet you remain hard and untouched in the face of the national suffering of other peoples, tortured and oppressed with brutal force by England—as, for instance, the unhappy Arabs in Palestine.

I wonder what you would have to say if, we, in Bohemia, were to proceed like you in Palestine? We don't, for we are Germans and not Englishmen.

Finally, you expand on the subject of war. You may laugh, but it is so just the same: this subject is hardly discussed in Germany today. The so-called 'crisis of nerves' exists only among you. You say that war would have to be brief, a *Blitzkrieg*, and that even our experts admit it. Whether there will be war or not depends solely on England. What course it will take will be our affair. We are not under the impression that England's chances to win such a war are so excellent just now. You may not know it, but at the present time the German people are determined to defend their national honor and existence to their dying breath.



Ordre, Paris

'My word! He's in a bad temper. He must have had a letter from King-Hall. . . .'

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An eminent newspaper owner reviews the line-up of London newspapers.

Lords *of the* British Press

By Lord Camrose

From the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*
London Conservative Daily

LARGELY because of the great ignorance which exists in the public mind on the subject, and also because of frequent allegations of anti-Semites that many of the London newspapers are in the hands of Jewish interests, I have been induced to give a review of the ownership of London newspapers. So great is the interest taken generally in newspapers, and yet so sketchy is the knowledge even of the usually well-informed as to the identity of their owners and controllers, that I propose to say something on the subject.

The *Times* is owned by the Times Publishing Company, Ltd. At the time of his death Lord Northcliffe was the preponderating proprietor, with the late Sir John Ellerman and the Walter family owning substantial blocks of shares. After Lord Northcliffe's death his shares were purchased by the Honorable John J. Astor (Lord Rothermere being the underbidder), who also bought the Walter holding. Members of the latter family reacquired an interest by purchasing the Ellerman shares.

It is understood that Major Astor's interest cost him more than double the total nominal value of the shares he holds in the capital expressed above. The Times Publishing Company is a public one and the annual accounts are published. The last circulation certificate issued showed the daily sale of the *Times* to be 204,491.

I had been editor-in-chief of the *Sunday Times* since 1915, and, encouraged by the success with which that paper had met, was anxious to try my hand at a serious London daily. Lord Burnham, part owner of the London *Daily Telegraph*, knew of this from conversations we had had, and he decided to approach me. The negotiations resulted in the formation of a partnership between my brother, Lord Kemsley, Lord Iliffe and myself to acquire the *Daily Telegraph*.

We assumed control on January 2,

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1928, the editorial control entirely in my hands. The net daily sales were found to be in the neighborhood of 84,000. The price of the paper was twopence but, in common with the *Times*, schoolmasters, clergymen, civil servants and members of certain other professions were supplied under a special arrangement with news agents at a penny.

When we reverted to the old price of one penny there were very few people indeed, in Fleet Street or elsewhere, who believed that it was possible for a paper of the character of the *Daily Telegraph* to achieve a sale of anything approaching the present figures (763,000 daily). I cannot claim to have been such an optimist myself. Recently the front page was changed so as to carry the principal news of the day instead of the announcements of births, marriages and deaths and miscellaneous advertisements which had appeared there for many years. The change was dictated solely by the conviction that the vital news of each day should be immediately available, without the paper having to be opened. From an advertising point of view it could stimulate no increase in revenue and no likely decrease. The general reception was one of warm approval. Some old readers did not take kindly to the innovation. That we expected—no decisive change in an old friend is universally approved. In October, 1937, the *Daily Telegraph* absorbed the *Morning Post*.

The Daily Telegraph Limited is a private company in which the whole of the ordinary capital and a large proportion of the preference shares belong to me and to members of my immediate family. The remaining preference shares were taken by Lord Kemsley and Lord Iliffe, when our partnership was dissolved on January 1, 1937, and I relinquished my position of chairman and editor-in-chief of Allied Newspapers. There are no other shareholders and no public money of any kind. The capital is expressed in the purely nominal sum of £240,000.

II

Outside the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Times* and the two financial and one sporting paper, there are six daily and three evening newspapers. Two of the six dailies are picture or tabloid papers, the *Daily Sketch* and the *Daily Mirror*. The remaining four, the *Daily Express*, the *Daily Herald*, the *Daily Mail* and the *News-Chronicle*—placing them in order of their sales—are what are called 'popular' journals. I will deal with each of them in turn.

Easily the largest circulated is the *Daily Express*, actively and personally controlled by Lord Beaverbrook. For a very short time, at the height of the Tariff Reform controversy, Lord Beaverbrook was the owner of the now defunct *Globe*. He disposed of that interest to Mr. Dudley Docker before acquiring, in 1913, his first holding in the *Daily Express*.

Allied with the *Daily Express*, and owned by the same company, are the *Sunday Express* and the *Evening Standard*, the former founded by Lord Beaverbrook in December, 1918, and the latter originally acquired by him in conjunction with Lord Rothermere and the Daily Mail Trust in 1923 from the late Sir Edward Hulton. The owning company is a public one.

Nearest in sale to the *Daily Express* comes the Socialist newspaper, the *Daily Herald*. It first appeared as a

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daily newspaper in 1912 and had a precarious existence, sustained at great cost by Party money, until it was taken over in 1930 by Odhams, Ltd., the printing and periodical publishing firm. Under the arrangement Odhams took 51 per cent of the shares, the remaining 49 per cent being retained in the names of 32 Trade Union officials as trustees of the Labour Party. Out of the nine directors five are nominated by Odhams and four by the Party. The present representatives of the latter are Sir Walter Citrine, Mr. A. A. Findlay, Mr. William Kean and Mr. Ernest Bevin.

The arrangement gave Odhams full control of the paper except in regard to its political policy. Here the Party has certain rights if the paper should adopt a different policy from that of the Party itself. In that event an arbitrator can be called in. Today the *Daily Herald* has a circulation of over 2,000,000 a day, an achievement which is undoubtedly due to the ability and energy of the chairman of Odhams, Ltd., Lord Southwood.

Except for its political contents, which are not so extensive or pronounced as many members of the Party would like them to be, the *Daily Herald* is no different in its treatment of news and the doings of the world from its more plutocratic contemporaries. The owning firm, Odhams, Ltd., is a public company which has many publishing interests, including the Sunday paper, the *People*. The present Sir John Ellerman recently became a large shareholder, but his investment only represents about one-tenth of the capital. There is no one shareholder or group of shareholders who own a control.

Third on the list is the *Daily Mail*. Founded by Lord Northcliffe in 1896, it occupied the leading place among the popular dailies for many years, both in sales and advertisement revenue. Allied with it are the *Evening News*, the largest circulated evening paper, and the *Sunday Dispatch*. All three are the property of Associated Newspapers, Ltd. Lord Northcliffe owned a majority interest in the company and on his death his shares were bought by his brother, Lord Rothermere. The latter formed a company called the Daily Mail Trust, to which he transferred these shares, and issued capital to the public in the form of debentures, since redeemed.

III

The *News-Chronicle* is an amalgam of the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle*. The latter was at one time the property of Mr. Lloyd George and his party fund, and had a circulation of 700,000 or 800,000. The fierce competition of gifts and insurance indulged in by all the popular papers proved too much for the *Chronicle* and it was merged with the *Daily News* in 1930. The *Daily News* had previously swallowed two other Liberal papers, the *Morning Leader* and the *Westminster Gazette*. The latter was transformed into a morning paper by the first Lord Cowdray after an existence of 28 years as an evening journal. During the whole of that period it is said to have made a profit in only one year.

Famous for the cartoons of F. Carruthers Gould and the able front-page leaders of Mr. J. A. Spender, it was anything but efficient in other respects. As a morning paper it achieved a sale of something like 300,000 a day, based almost entirely on an insurance

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scheme. Lord Cowdray and his heirs are said to have lost nearly three-quarters of a million sterling before refuge was found in the arms of the *Daily News*.

The *News-Chronicle* is owned by the Daily News, Ltd. This company has a capital of £563,185 in 2s shares, but the actual capital involved is, of course, many times that amount.

Of the 1,935,000 shares, 990,000, or more than 50 per cent, are owned in the names of Mr. George Cadbury and others as trustees for a family trust. A further 680,000 are held by other members of the Cadbury family. The circulation of the *News-Chronicle* is 1,317,176, and nowadays it is running the *Daily Mail* hard for third place. The active management and working control are in the hands of Sir Walter Layton, the well-known economist. Under the same ownership is the evening *Star*, which sells 502,639 and occupies second place in the list of evening sales.

Of the two picture papers the *Daily Sketch* is owned by Allied Newspapers, Ltd. It was founded by the late Sir Edward Hulton, and has a week-end edition in the *Sunday Graphic*. To the same company also belongs the *Sunday Times*.

The *Sunday Referee*, which has been owned for a number of years by Mr. Isidore Ostrer, of Gaumont British Picture Corporation, has been amalgamated with the *Sunday Chronicle*. The latter is a paper belonging to Allied Newspapers and published in Manchester. In future the combined paper will also be issued in London. It would be interesting, by the way, to know how many hundred thousand pounds this essay in newspaper ownership has cost Mr. Ostrer. Lord Kemsley is chairman of Allied Newspapers, and also the largest shareholder. Through his own holding, and that of his family, he virtually owns a controlling interest in that company and exercises sovereignty over one London daily and three Sunday newspapers.

The *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial* are owned by separate public companies. The two papers are issued from the same building, and the boards of directors are almost identical. Mr. John Cowley is the chairman in each case. Both papers were formerly controlled by Lord Rothermere, but the latter publicly announced in March, 1931, that he had entirely severed his connection with them, and no longer owned any shares in either company.

III

Of the Sunday papers not allied with other newspapers there is, first, the *Observer*, owned by Viscount Astor, who is a brother of Major Astor, the principal owner of the *Times*. There has always been a great confusion in the public mind as to which brother owned which paper. Probably when, as political prophets tell us and as all Fleet Street hopes, Major Astor assumes a different name, this confusion will disappear. The *Observer* was once the property of Lord Northcliffe, and was sold by him to Viscount Astor's father. Perhaps the name most prominently associated with the paper in the public mind is that of the editor, Mr. J. L. Garvin, one of the most celebrated and one of the most prolific publicists of the day.

The *Sunday News of the World* has the largest circulation of any English newspaper, daily or weekly [approximately 3,750,000]. Lord Riddell was the

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chairman and one of the largest shareholders, but not, as commonly supposed, the largest. Since his death a public issue of preference shares has been made, but the ordinary capital is still privately held, mainly by the trustees of the late Colonel Charles J. Jackson, the great authority on English silver, and Sir Emsley Carr. The latter has been the editor for many years, and still holds the position of control.

The remaining Sunday paper is *Reynolds News*, which became the property of the coöperative movement a few years ago.

As for the allegations of Jewish ownership, the details I have given effectively dispose of them. I have been asked more than once if I owned the *Daily Mail*. I have heard stated as a fact the humorous fiction that Lord Rothermere owned the *Star*, and I have also been told on many occasions that Lord Astor, and not his brother, owned the *Times*.

In these days of acute political tension it is perhaps advisable that the public should know exactly whose views the various papers are expressing. Although not all the proprietors and controllers I have named are what are generally called working journalists, they are in each case personally responsible for the policy which their respective papers adopt on matters of public policy. The possible exceptions are the two Astor brothers. Major Astor is said to leave the control of the *Times* in the hands of its editor, Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, while, with the exception of a decided inhibition on temperance matters Lord Astor delegates to Mr. Garvin the responsibility for the views and policy of the *Observer*.

To sum up, in London there are eight daily, three evening, and ten Sunday papers. For his daily information the reader has a wide choice. Actually the choice is not so wide as it seems, for the eight journals divide themselves sharply into two or three classes.

Worm for Daddy

An expert in educational psychology went out from England to a job in one of the British Dominions, with his wife and *enfant terrible* of a small daughter. They were devotees of the full-encouragement-of-personality school, no frustrations. At breakfast one morning the child pushed her cereal away, pettishly announcing that she did not want it and would not eat any of that breakfast. 'Well, darling, what would you like?' A whimper: 'I want a worm.'

Daddy, running true to form, goes into the garden, brings in a fat one, and lays it on her plate. 'There you are, my dear.'

Indignant sobs: 'But I want it cooked!' It is sent into the kitchen, rolled in batter, cooked, and brought back. Sobs again: 'I want Daddy to have half!'

Daddy divides the worm-pie, pulls himself together, and managed to get his portion down.

This time sobs and howls: 'But that was the part *I* wanted!'

—*New Statesman and Nation*, London

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Some facts about the latest dictator, and Bolivia, the scene of his activities.

Dictatorship *beyond the* Andes

By William Parker

NOT many of continental America's 137,521,000 inhabitants know that Bolivia is the third largest Republic in South America, twice the size of Texas, or that this Latin American republic laid on the map of Europe, would blanket Spain, France and Germany. Bolivia's population is 2,911,283, half that of Texas, and while literacy in Texas is almost 100 per cent, in Bolivia 83.3 per cent of the total population is unlettered, according to the available official information.

Bolivia has a thirty-five-year-old Dictator-President, German Busch, who, although he declares he knows nothing about politics, has the United States, Germany, Italy and Japan each hoping to be favored in his political caprices.

The lively interest of the United States Department of State in Bolivia is two-fold: 1. If Bolivia tumbles politically and commercially into the lap of the totalitarian Axis, other South American republics, where Nazism is gaining, may go tumbling after; 2. Bolivia could, in an economic pinch, get from Germany and its friend Argentina, which is not over friendly to the United States, practically every item now on the list of American exports to Bolivia. The United States, however, must continue to import from Bolivia, especially tin. Principal exports to Bolivia from the United States during 1938 were: machinery and vehicles, valued at $3,026,000 ($2,792,000 in 1937), of which automobiles, including parts and accessories, represented $886,000 ($1,192,000 in 1937), mining and quarrying machinery $492,000 ($589,000 in 1937) and aircraft $254,000 ($258,000 in 1937); metals and other manufactures $539,000 ($710,000 in 1937) and raw cotton, 3,600 bales, at $224,000 (4,000 bales, $321,000 in 1937.)

Secretary of State Cordell Hull's special interest in the Republic is also felt by 13,500 Americans who, in contrast to a majority of their fellow citizens, all too painfully know where Bolivia is located. While the Boliv-

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ian Government owes only £838,589 ($4,192,945) to investors in other countries, it owes American bondholders $96,126,160, including accrued interest on bonds in default eight years.

The American debtors have set up a Bolivian Bondholders Protective Committee with some of the foremost men of the United States among the committeemen, but negotiations with Bolivia have reached a stalemate. The American bondholders have been told that $7,000,000 of their money is now represented by a railroad which starts nowhere and terminates in a jungle because Bolivian politicians who built the road ran out of money before the rails reached a city in either direction.

Although it doesn't particularly concern Mr. Secretary Hull or the Bolivian Bondholders Protective Committee, every taxpayer who has felt the financial cost of social progress in the United States will be interested in Bolivia. Youthful President Busch has invested heavily in social progress even though his country is deeply in debt. He has just imported two experts from Switzerland, George Friedlander of Geneva University and Rudolph Pomeranz of Prague University, to assemble the intricate mechanism of the German Busch compulsory insurance plan. An important item is maternity insurance so Señora Juan Publico won't have to worry, as many American married employed women must, about the family budget while awaiting an addition to the family. Also, there is to be accident, incapacity, old age and death insurance; and compulsory labor for every man between 18 and 60. Besides, Busch has ordered 'pre-military instruction' for all boys from 12 to 18 years and all girls 15 to 20 years. This he has named the Bolivian Civic Youth. In addition to this, there is 'cultural conscription' of university students to institute elementary education for the country's illiterates.

II

German Busch is a very human sort of person, married, with two children. He was born March 3, 1904, his father a German doctor in the provinces, his mother Inca-Spanish. Like Cárdenas of Mexico, he speaks only Spanish and has never been outside his own country. Busch started his career from an obscure lieutenancy. In the Bolivia-Paraguay war of 1932–35 he rose to chief of the General Staff over a period of five years, and became Bolivia's political dictator. With the army back of him, he began making and unmaking presidents.

At the bar of the Paris hotel in La Paz, some of the things you hear about him are these: German Busch deserves to be ranked with the six outstanding world personalities of this epoch: Mexico's Cárdenas, China's Chiang Kai-shek, Hitler, Mussolini, Roosevelt, and Stalin; he is a worthy successor of Simon Bolivar who freed South America from the Spanish; he is a young man who doesn't know his own mind; he is a youth who has been reading excessively; a Fascist; or a Nazi.

President Busch is a six-footer, 185 pounds, with a pompadour of darkish hair, dark eyes, and an earnest long face.

'If my Government falls,' he says, 'I shall feel proud that it will have fallen carrying the banner of Bolivian economic freedom. We soldiers know nothing about politics or procedure.

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We approach all matters directly, without circumspection. That is why we so often outrage national opinion. I admit we make mistakes.'

One of the 'outrages'—to the person involved, anyhow—was that when President David Toro ('Bull') came back to La Paz from a health holiday early in 1938, he found German Busch had made himself constitutional president. There wasn't anything Señor Toro could do about it except bellow privately, for German Busch had made him president and had merely unmade him again.

Busch has said he 'knows nothing about politics,' yet after Bolivia and Paraguay had been quarreling over an indefinite boundary line ever since Bolivar freed them from Spanish rule in 1824, and Bolivia was disastrously defeated in the 1932–35 war, Busch coaxed Paraguay into a closely knit economic union which has made them bosom pals. Busch's ostensible unfamiliarity with politics also demonstrated itself after the Gran Chaco war ended. Coming home with the troops the soldiers argued with him: 'Why should we go back to work in the tin mines for a dollar a week when you paid us ten dollars a week as heroes? Start another war.'

So Busch had 50,000 civil servants dismissed and put an equal number of ex-combatants in government jobs. He has surrounded himself with decrees which make it a criminal offence to connive to take over the presidency from its present occupant.

III

President Busch's great task is to straighten Bolivia's finances and thus save his country from economic chaos. His first step in this direction was to make himself president. Then, after opening the national treasury for a general look around and finding more finger-marks than money, he assumed 'totality of powers' on April 24, 1939.

Next he directed his attention to Bolivia's mineral resources as the principal factor in rebuilding his nation's economy. In examining reports, he found that Bolivia's mineral industry is the chief support of the bulk of the country's population and constitutes 90 per cent of the Bolivian exports, tin alone accounting for 66 per cent of the total exports. Bolivia is the world's third largest producer of that metal.

Then Busch's thoughts turned to a certain Don Simon I. Patino who started life as a peon and is today the 'tin king' of Bolivia, owns big tin mines in the Malay States and lives in regal splendor in Paris. The Bolivian government had already had trouble with Don Patino, who, objecting to heavy taxes on his production, shut down some of his Bolivian mines with the remark that he could get all the tin he wanted from his Malay deposits.

After mulling this over, President Busch on July 16 of this year promulgated a decree with teeth in it: any one directly or indirectly interfering in the government's control of the mineral industry would be considered a traitor and punished by death. The decree established the government's Mining Bank as the sole selling agent for Bolivia's minerals. Henceforth the Bolivian government would keep all monies received and the mine owners, including Don Patino, would be paid in bolivianos at the 'official' rate for their ore. The joker in this was that for one American dollar, for example,

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considerably more of Bolivia's bolivianos can be bought in the open, so-called 'free' market and at the 'black bourse' than if the same dollar was turned in for bolivianos at the government's Central Bank.

Don Patino, remaining safe in Paris, began long distance conferences.

President Busch's control of Bolivia's mineral industry had one immediate repercussion: Germany, Japan and the United States government each have a man in Bolivia trying to buy large quantities of tin and other minerals. The representative of the United States Department of Commerce is reported as having made a tentative offer of $1,000,000 cash in advance for tin. The Washington Government is actuated by two motives: tin is one of the items on President Roosevelt's list of 'ten necessities' which he wants to have the United States stock for war emergency; and the United States desires to correct an old inconsistency by purchasing tin *direct* from Bolivia. By one of those quirks of American commerce and industry, American tin buyers have to pay freight twice on Bolivian tin. Bolivia having no smelter, the tin ore is shipped to England for smelting and then re-exported to the United States.

One slender reed on which American holders of almost $100,000,000 of Bolivia's defaulted bonds are leaning is that a way will be found to advance Bolivia sufficient money from the Export-Import Bank of Washington, D. C., with which to build a smelter for, under the Johnson Act, a foreign government with unpaid American obligations cannot borrow additional money in the United States. The Bolivian Bondholders Protective Committee is inclined to believe that President Busch would be willing to accept some of his country's defaulted bonds in part payment for tin.

IV

The next important factor in President Busch's reconstruction program is oil. On March 13, 1937, Bolivia canceled oil leases of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, valued at $200,000,000. Now the Bolivian government has an agreement with Paraguay and Argentina to pipe-line this oil to Argentinian seaports for shipment overseas. A clause in the agreement stipulates that if the oil properties are returned to Standard Oil, the agreement is nullified.

Without foundries with which to make pipe and no heavy industry plants to turn out oil-refinery equipment, Bolivia has negotiated a credit with Germany to supply these necessities so that oil can be pumped to Argentina for foreign countries.

Several facts help to create a gloomy picture for a Fascist-conscious observer: there are one million pure-blood Germans in adjoining Brazil, with vast estates, and Brazil has already had one abortive Nazi revolt. Venezuela oil is controlled by Germans; in the Argentine are 100,000 Germans; the trade of the Pacific Coast countries of South America is controlled largely by Germans on a barter basis; as recently as August 4 of this year Bolivia entered into a barter trade agreement with the Reich, following which Messrs. R. Becker of the German Foreign Ministry and H. Koppelmann, representative of the German Ministry of Economy, went on to Peru to negoti-

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ate a similar agreement; Secretary of State Hull is investigating the military significance of a reported large air-base concession granted Germany by Bolivia in exchange for munitions; General Franco has permitted Germany to set up a submarine-base in the Canary Islands which, off West Africa, could be very annoying to South Atlantic shipping and trade entering the Straits of Gibraltar; further down the west coast of Africa is America's unofficial protectorate, Liberia, which Hitler is said to covet for its rubber plantations and as a strategic military outpost.

So far as the United States is concerned, the single ray of sunshine lighting the political and economic scene in Bolivia is that Bolivia can't eat German guns and wash them down with expropriated Standard oil. To keep from starving, Bolivia must have foreign exchange to pay for its imported foodstuffs; and the only foreign exchange worth its weight in paper these days is the British pound sterling and the American dollar. But the more Busch is courted by the totalitarian nations with their oil-pipes, munitions of war and ribbon decorations, and by the democracies with $1,000,000 or more cash in hand, the shyer President Busch becomes. Knowing 'nothing about politics,' President Busch clearly proved, nevertheless, (on May 17 of this year) that he has a grasp of economic realities. In a radio address which reached the United States, he remarked that Bolivia would be friendly with all nations but would be 'disposed most strongly to those countries whose commerce interests this country's economy.'

What Do You Fear?

Here is a list of some 'phobias,' including several not to be found in any dictionary:—

Fear of

high places (looking down)—*Acrophobia*
wide spaces—*Agoraphobia*
pain—*Algophobia*
thunder and lightning—*Astrophobia*
confined spaces—*Claustrophobia*
sight of blood—*Hematophobia*
water—*Hydrophobia*
speaking, attempting to speak—*Lalophobia*
dirt—*Rupophobia*
dead bodies—*Necrophobia*
darkness, night—*Nyctophobia*
disease—*Pathophobia*
sinning—*Peccatophobia*
speaking aloud—*Phonophobia*
light—*Photophobia*
eating, repugnance to food—*Sitophobia*
premature burial—*Taphophobia*
death—*Thanatophobia*

—The *Natal Mercury*, London

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While persecution resulting from the latest hostilities is settling over Europe, a new Armageddon draws closer.

Oppression Overseas

I. Exodus in Poland

Translated from the *Weltwoche*, Zurich Independent Weekly

THERE are several hundred farms in Western Poland near the border which have been suddenly deserted by their German occupants overnight. Persons who passed these deserted farms recently have found the doors open, food still upon the table, clothes still in the closets — suggesting the premises had been abandoned hurriedly. These deserted farms are symptomatic of the situation in which the German minority of Poland finds itself today. For months various Germans in the frontier districts of Posen and Pommerellen had fled back into the Reich.

Who drives them away? Only fear. The official attitude of the Polish authorities toward the German minority is unchanged. Yet the attitude of the Polish population has changed fundamentally. Shocked by Hitler's aggressive intentions, fearing that German imperialism will precipitate war and remembering also the rôle which the German minority played in Czecho-Slovakia, the Polish population does not hide its feelings. Repeatedly Polish nationals have expressed willingness to live in peace with the German minority, but for all of that they are determined to destroy that minority at the very outset of the German aggression they fear.

The flight across the border is by no means without danger because people who cross illegally may expect to be shot at from both sides if they don't stop when challenged. That is also known to those immigrants who cross in the other direction from Germany into Poland. The latter, of course, risk their lives for different reasons. Repeatedly the Polish papers have reported in the past few months that German soldiers with full field equipment have crossed the border. Sometimes they come alone, more frequently in groups. In all cases they gave as their reason for desertion the unbearable drill and the bad food in the Reichswehr. As is usual in such

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cases, the Polish military authorities take care of them. Apart from these deserters who cross the frontier at the regular posts, German Jews sometimes try to get into Poland through the woods. When found, usually they are in a frightful condition. One case discussed in the press concerned a Jew who died in a Warsaw hospital after walking nine nights. He had eaten nothing during this period, most of which he had spent hiding in the woods to avoid detection.

Migration is not restricted to the Polish-German frontier. There is illegal transit to the south over the Polish frontier touching the German Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia and independent Slovakia. Many Czechs and Slovaks cross over in this region, partly to get away from their German masters or to fight for a new Czecho-Slovakia from outside. They are not received with enthusiasm by the Polish authorities, but neither are they turned back. Thanks to financial backing from private British sources, organizations have sprung up in Kattowicze and Cracow to care for the Czech and Slovak emigrants and prepare them for further emigration. It is significant that the Czech and Slovak emigrants scarcely remember their former political disputes. Czech Communists and Czech 'Fascists' join hands. Together with various other political groups, they make plans to save their country.

Apart from the emigration of hundreds of obscure people, on both sides, there is the emigration of prominent individuals. Thus, there appeared recently in Warsaw the former Czech General, Leon Prchala, who only a few months ago was dictator of Carpatho-Russia; he is reportedly organizing a new Czech 'Foreign Legion' near Cracow. There is also Wincenty Witos, the leader of the Polish peasants who had lived in exile in Czecho-Slovakia since 1933, but had returned to Poland after the German occupation. It is generally known that the Germans made advances to Witos, who is extremely popular in Poland, to head a Polish Government after Pilsudski's downfall, in return for far-reaching pledges to the Germans. Witos, recognizing these suggestions for what they were—treason—passed them on to the Warsaw Government. Nevertheless he was subjected to a vociferous mud-slinging campaign in a part of the Polish press.

Witos, Prchala, Vojta Beneš (brother of the former Czech premier), his wife and the many hundreds of fleeing Czechs, Slovaks and Germans indicate how the wind is blowing. More than ever today it will be necessary for the Polish Government and the population to preserve their equilibrium in order to maintain peace within and without.

II. The New Spanish Inquisition

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

EVER since the end of the Great War the curse of Europe has been retaliations. The defeat of the Central Powers and the exhaustion of Russia created revolutions which, in their turn, produced counter-revolutions.

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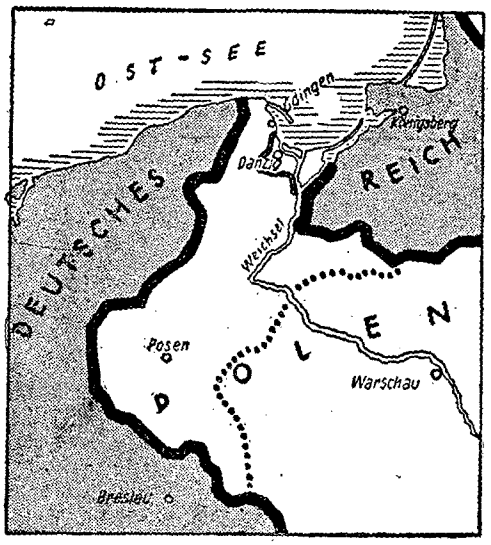
POLISH CORRIDORS ELSEWHERE

From the *Schwarze Korps*, Berlin



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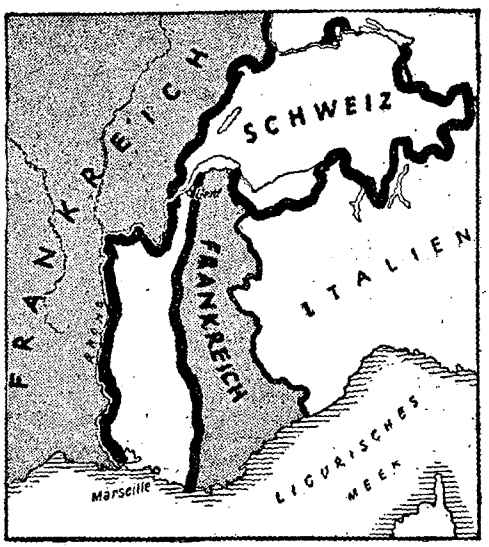

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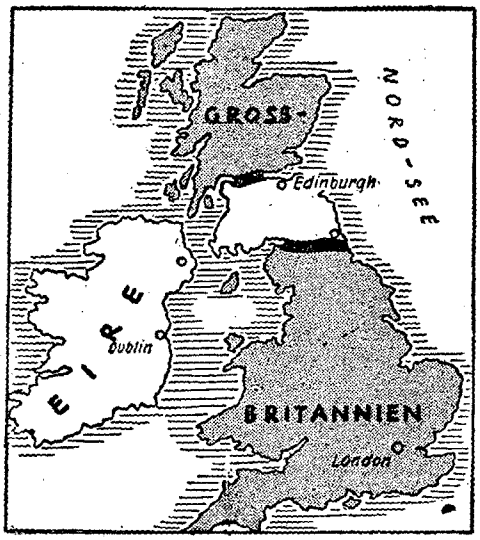

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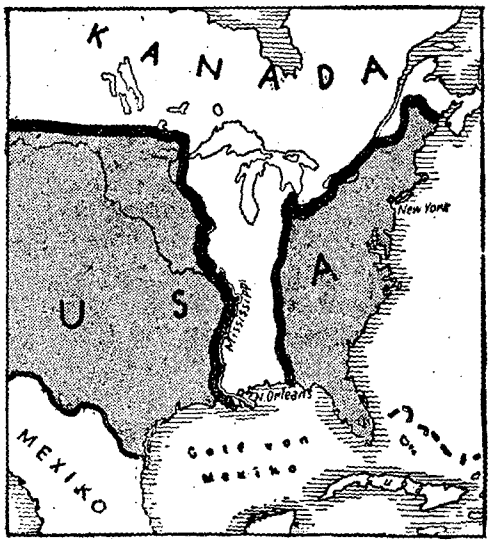

4

'1. One glance at this map makes discussion unnecessary; but since democratic statesmen regard this as a fair and reasonable state of affairs, they have only to make their choice. 2. Why should Switzerland lack rights which Poland possesses? The Swiss also need access to the sea; and that could be easy to obtain. Mr. Daladier need only say Yes, as he did in the case of the Sanjak! 3. The poor Irish—don't they have a claim to direct access to the North Sea? "Good Old Chamberlain" should understand this better than anybody! 4. The United States is so huge that one should really grant Canada the boon of a coastline on the Gulf of Mexico. Think of your great predecessor Wilson, Mr. Roosevelt! Come across!'

THE ABOVE CAPTIONS IN GERMAN ACCOMPANIED THE MAP

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Russia not only went through the inferno of civil war but has subsequently suffered from the split between old and new Bolsheviks. The Socialist and Liberal eras produced by the revolutions in Central Europe have been followed by the curse of Fascism, Nazism, and other forms of more or less open dictatorship; and the one common denominator in these various changes is the inevitable acts of retaliation which followed the change of régimes.

In Spain, of course, the civil war raged for two and a half years, with devastating results. It is estimated that well over 1,000,000 people were killed on the battlefields of Spain; yet the total victims of the last two and a half years must amount to at least 1,500,000 people, while some estimates of the total number killed directly or indirectly by the war—by epidemics, wounds, or by acts of retaliation—are as much as 2,000,000, that is, almost 10 per cent of the total population.

Half the young men of Spain have undoubtedly been exterminated, for most of the men who fell in the war were of military age, and the victims of the reprisals were also mostly from their ranks. Cruelty during the war was by no means a privilege of one side; the atrocities committed in the Loyalist camp during the civil war were just as terrifying as on the Nationalist side. But the outrages committed by the Loyalists will be heavily outweighed by the present persistent campaign of reprisals. The Spanish people have shown themselves of a vindictive disposition—except for the Russians during the civil war no nation has shown such a tendency toward cruelty as have the Spaniards. Even the Nazi atrocities seem to be 'gentle' compared with the methods used in Spain. Perhaps the Moorish and Visigoth blood in Spain can account for this.

II

Even a short journey across Spain gives an idea of the enormous number of prisoners. Transport of captive 'Reds' can be seen everywhere. The Government makes no secret of these arrests and the papers in Madrid, Barcelona, and elsewhere published for several weeks long lists of those who had been captured and imprisoned for some offense committed during the Loyalist period. Executions are still going on in great numbers.

Probably this is about as accurate a scale for the punishment of various offenses as it is possible to draw up: if a former Loyalist officer is captured and it is proved that he volunteered for service in the 'Red' Army he is, as a rule, put against a wall and shot. If an officer was called up by the Loyalists for service and obeyed, but was then promoted, he comes before a tribunal, and may be shot or may escape with a long sentence of imprisonment. A similar fate awaits Army commissars, political commissars and party secretaries who are denounced by Nationalists. It is estimated that 10 per cent of Madrid's population has been killed through retaliations carried out by one side or the other. This figure does not include those who died fighting or from hunger. Any militiaman who is denounced by Nationalist sympathizers is liable to be shot or put into prison. Executions go on steadily. Military tribunals try the various cases of 'murder' (any execution under the Republican régime is regarded

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as murder, and those who were no more than agents for carrying out sentences are now liable to lose their lives).

Some of the important political trials are of particular interest. The trial of Señor Julian Besteiro, a former professor and moderate Socialist leader who was Minister of Foreign Affairs during the last stage of the Republican régime, ended with a sentence of thirty years' hard labor for the unfortunate man; and yet Señor Besteiro was one of the most moderate of the moderates. It will be remembered that Besteiro was head of the Foreign Affairs Council in the National Defense Organization which was constituted under the leadership of Colonel Casado. This Council brought about the overthrow of the Negrin Government on March 5 of this year, and thus hastened the surrender of Madrid. Besteiro had a chance to leave Madrid, but, knowing his innocence, he stayed on. He counted as wrongly on the mercy of the leaders of new Spain as Schuschnigg counted on the magnanimity of Hitler.

These reprisals are initiated and carried out mostly by the civil Government, and particularly by the Falangists. The Army remains aloof, except in some cases. The Spanish Army seems for the time being the only source of strength in this sadly tried country. The Army remains the only real authority in a country which is otherwise in a state of anarchy. Every little official considers himself a local 'boss,' and the authority of the civil Government has not yet been established.

The Army, however, has kept its discipline. At present there are still almost a million men under arms—the heritage of the civil war. Of these 600,000 belong to the Regular Army, about two hundred thousand are trained reserves, and two hundred thousand are auxiliaries. One hundred thousand Moors were sent back to Africa in May and June, which leaves a Regular Army of half a million in Spain proper. General Franco would like to reduce the strength of the standing army to 250,000 or possibly even to 180,000. But this, of course, cannot be done at once, since work must be provided before the men can be demobilized. Most of the Falangists, however, have already been demobilized. They were sent back to civil life partly because the regular officers did not like working with them and partly because they were entrusted with the work of retaliation, following in the footsteps of the Blackshirts in Italy and the Storm Troops in Germany. General Franco has retained the Requetes, numbering probably several hundred thousand, in the Army.

III. To All Loyal Czechs

Translated from a Czech illegal leaflet circulated in Bohemia and Moravia

YOUR true Government sends you fraternal greetings; it wishes you strength in unity, and it demands that you help it with all your power and stand firm and unyielding until the hour that will call for the determined readiness of all.

Have no more to do with the occupying forces than is absolutely necessary.

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Always call our countries simply Bohemia and Moravia. Honor our flag, our coat-of-arms, our motto.

Always refer to the aliens politely by their names without titles—Herr Hitler, Herr Neurath, and so on.

Confine the activities and demonstrations imposed on you (addresses, articles, deputations, flags) to the minimum; carry them out in such a way that everyone can see that the performance is under duress.

Carry out enforced services, sales of goods, supplies, tax payments in such a way that the national strength and mobilization are as little injured by them as can be helped.

Carry out quickly and reliably a voluntary census in Bohemia and Moravia, including the ceded territory if possible. This is needed before the census in the German Reich, before a new imposture begins with the German colonization in the expropriated factories.

In your dealings with the Germans always remember that for the present you have no rights and no freedom. Explain to fellow-citizens, and especially to children, the new 'laws,' which one day will be a historical curiosity. But never give any pretext for open persecution.

Act as if you simply did not see the Germans and their parades of troops. Ignore them. Do not pay them the compliment of looking at them and if you come into contact with them confine yourself to a dry politeness.

Take unobserved photographs of everything that demonstrates their lies. Pictures of our traitors and the curious at parades are desirable. Collect proclamations, pictures, happenings, requisition documents, press cuttings and the current humorous sayings.

Accumulate these documents in a safe place, as well as the following: a list of the Germans, their home addresses, and addresses of their centers, offices, record-rooms, detachments, arms depots, stores, car parks, aircraft, telephones and wireless transmitters.

Read and disseminate encouraging and helpful literature. Correct the lying versions of history and politics, recall past history, the many assaults and betrayals our neighbors have committed against us, only to leave us in the end after their inglorious defeat.

In clubs and associations, try to get speakers of proved loyalty and courage for addresses and confidential reports, on the pretext of giving lectures on health, economic, or cultural subjects.

Arrange popular theatrical performances, concerts, social gatherings, exhibitions, excursions. Make use even of family visits to strengthen the national unity.

Maintain by all possible means confidential contact with all compatriots, especially in the ceded territory, and as far as possible with those abroad.

Be unimpassioned and careful of the truth. Do not spread unfounded rumors, and do not let imagination run away with you. The enemy will spread malicious falsehoods: nip them in the bud.

Carry on a constant whispering campaign of propaganda. Get hold of foreign newspapers, listen in regularly to the foreign broadcasts.

Learn Polish, Yugoslav, Russian, Rumanian, the languages of our possible allies.

Learn everything that is necessary for war, for defense and offense. Take

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care of your health; make a rule of modesty, endurance, tact and readiness for sacrifice. Continue military exercises unostentatiously. Keep shelters and secret rooms in readiness, for protection against the plunderers. Stock iron rations, instruments, weapons, cars, wireless, loud-speakers, street megaphones.

Organize delegates for every street, and deputies to fill their place, for auxiliary services and for mutual aid. Propagate national fertility and promote large families. Stay alert, and be ready when our hour strikes.

Be generous toward other peoples. Remember that there are also loyal and decent Slovaks, though they, too, may now be in captivity. The Poles are ripe for an understanding with us; America, England, France, Russia, aye, even Italy, and especially Yugoslavia, know their obligations toward us. Our leaders—Zhizhka and Masaryk. Our motto—truth prevails. For a free Czecho-Slovakia!

IV. The Refugees—A World Problem

By Gina Lombroso

Translated from *Ordre*, Paris Liberal Daily

THE world of today is rank with persecution. Most of the nations of Europe, with a few democratic exceptions, are martyrizing and driving out large numbers of their nationals, supposedly for various racial, religious or political reasons, but really to achieve a sort of grisly prestige. The unfortunate victims, drawn largely from the liberal professions—editors, doctors, scholars, bankers, artists and journalists—find themselves vigorously repulsed at the frontiers they attempt to cross.

The United States is perhaps the only country that does not take this unconditional attitude toward the ever-growing number of refugees (although its immigration quotas are still as rigid as they were before). The reasons advanced to justify this attitude have been told so often that they are now commonplaces: the refugees will sap national resources, increase unemployment and the growing influx of the Jews will bring anti-Semitism in its wake, and so on, *ad nauseam*.

None of these reasons, however, stands up under logical analysis. The problem of unemployment is one totally distinct from that of the refugees. The economic resources of nations, far from being sapped, have benefited through immigration. As for anti-Semitism, it is a phenomenon totally unrelated to the number of Jews a country admits. The root of the problem as a whole lies in the terrible economic, intellectual and moral crisis that has gripped Europe and which is inherent in the nature of our industrial system, with its extreme mechanization and protectionism. The crisis under which we are laboring, and of which such phenomena as unemployment, anti-Semitism and alien-baiting are a part, is not a result of overpopulation or difficulties of race assimilation. It is due largely to the inflexibility of labor, to the rigidity of markets and wages—in short, to the

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whole vicious system of protectionism that benefits a minority at the expense of the masses and prevents production from ever being adjusted to the needs of consumers. Over-production, depressions, persecutions and invasions will not cease until the day when industry will be broken into thousands of small units, using machines under individual control and capable of accurately suiting supply to demand.

II

The preceding will explain why, when the emigrant is finally admitted into a European country because some charitable organization guarantees his temporary livelihood, he finds written on the door thrown open to admit him, 'Here you can live on charity; but woe unto you if you are caught working, which for you is the greatest sin of all!' A few more sympathetic countries tolerate exception to this Draconian law, but even then the working-permits eventually granted are packed with restrictions. That is the worst course that could be adopted. A refugee is the best judge in the world of how he can make himself most useful in the country of his adoption—and certainly how he can survive. Until a few months ago, foreigners could work in Italy without much difficulty; doctors from abroad could practise their profession and foreign artisans and agricultural workers at first were freely hired in factory and field. But these fields were quickly overcrowded in Italy, and accordingly few doctors and still fewer agricultural workers, masons and carpenters profited by the liberal conditions. On the other hand, foreign bankers, hotel managers, editors, librarians and manufacturers of chemical products and confections—professions in which there was a shortage of labor—migrated into Italy in great numbers. It should be noted, too, that although Belgium and Switzerland opened their doors wide to the refugees—as did The Netherlands—they proved to be only a temporary stopping-place. Opportunities of employment have been so well exploited that the new arrivals found no way of making a livelihood.

I remember three Jewish refugees who stopped at Switzerland: a banker, a chemist and a doctor, all of whom had money and connections in Switzerland. It was easy for them to obtain a permit to stay, a stay, however, that proved to be of the briefest. The banker went to Cuba where he was able to establish a fountain-pen factory; the chemist departed for Bolivia where he made medicinal products and perfumes, while the doctor opened a sanatorium in Argentina. Inevitably, if permitted, the refugees of their own accord leave the countries which do not offer them employment and go to the lands where they can best utilize their knowledge. All the world's refugees dream of going to the United States where they know it will be infinitely easier for them to profit by their experience and capabilities than anywhere else. In many instances they are the best judges of that, not hostile and uninformed immigration commissions and boards.

The Draconian laws forbidding them to work have resulted in making these unfortunates a burden on others and in depriving both the countries that have driven them out and those who have refused to admit them of the tremendous wealth which they could produce and which they do produce in

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the countries that accept them. Besides, they will soon become serious competitors of the nations where they have been persecuted and those to which they have been denied entrance. It should be obvious, for example, that Bolivia will cease to buy medicinal products and perfumes, and Cuba will not buy fountain-pens from Germany, once these industries are established by the German refugees. Buyers will prefer the home products, if only because they will be cheaper.

III

One of the most generally used arguments against admitting refugees is that the 'general wealth will be sapped.' If ever there was an absurd pretext, this is it. The refugees, no matter how poor, are consumers. They pay rent for rooms, hotels, houses. They eat food produced and sold in the country; they read books and magazines; they go to see the shows; they travel, and apply to hospitals, sanatoria, schools and universities. It is claimed that they use them at the expense of the country which admits them and thereby exhaust its resources.

This is not true. Many of the refugees—even those refugees who escape clothesless from their persecutors—have something put away abroad. There are also many who have relatives capable of supporting them. Those who have no money nor family abroad apply for aid to refugee organizations which are for the most part supported by American funds. Nowhere is a Jew supported by a non-Jewish community. There is always some Jewish organization to help him. And what could be more profitable than 'building-up' the refugees, spiritually and physically, who are potential money-spenders?

To what may the rapid intellectual and economic growth of Latin America and the United States within the last few years be attributed? Some of it to the influx of the German, Polish, Spanish and Italian refugees who have fled their country. On the other hand, the nations who have stripped them bare and then exiled them can ascribe to that injustice the decrease of their wealth. In spite of all the unjust confiscations, the governments and the countries are poorer than ever. That is because wealth, as well as culture and prestige, are not bound to a country or to a land, but rather to the men who represent both. The human machine is the most ingenious and the most powerful that ever existed. It is the only one capable of a variegated and supple production, of creating such a degree of wealth and order.

It is claimed that democratic countries, free from the plague of anti-Semitism, should not admit too many Jews for fear of creating a problem which hitherto they have not had to face. This error is the extreme in stupidity. The causes of anti-Semitism have to do with more than the Jews themselves. The Jews are frantically searching in their own minds and hearts for the faults that have bred anti-Semitism. That is naïve of them, for they are merely one of the scapegoats on whose head fall all the hatreds that governments find it expedient to divert. The myth of anti-Semitism exists only where it is cultivated and kept alive by constant propaganda. Its source must be looked for in the country itself and not in those whom it is disinclined to admit.

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A strange brief meeting of a young author and her favorite critic.

Number 16

By Elizabeth Bowen

To APPROACH Medusa Terrace by its east corner, on a first visit to the Maximilian Bewdons, was to fancy oneself, for an unnerving minute, the victim of a hoax. Maximilian's only visitors, nowadays, were of the type least able to bear this—idealistic, friendless, new from the provinces: accordingly, unaware of the slump in him. One can make for oneself a pretty picture of the distinguished writer's St. John's Wood home—jasmine outside, *objets d'art* within. Maximilian had not, in fact, been distinguished for fifteen years. But the last circle from the splash he had once made faded slowly—and meanwhile he was able to make a living. . . . The masks on Medusa Terrace had lost their features; the pilasters crumbled; front doors were boarded up.

The differing fortunes of St. John's Wood house property give that uphill landscape a dreamlike inconsistency. To walk there is to have a crazy architectural film, with no music, reeled past. Every corner brings you to something out of the scheme—even without a touch of fever on you (and Jane Oates had more than a touch of fever) some starts of taste or fancy look like catastrophes. Pale tan brick blocks of flats, compressed cities, soar up over studios all trellis and vine. There are gashes and pitted gardens where villas have been torn down. Criss-cross go roads of dun silent stucco, frosted-glass porches, grills. A perspective gallops downhill, all jade-and-whiteness and birdsong—but you may turn off into a bye-street as mean, faded and airless as any in Pimlico.

Dotted among the bosky gothic love nests are vita-glassed mansions, avid for sun and money, still on the agents' lists. Here, a once bewitching villa, now scabrous, awaits the knocker for some obscure shame—next door, its twin is all paintpots and whistling workmen, being dolled up again. The straight roads string all this on an old plan. The stranger feels abnormally keyed up; he finds himself in a sort of nightmare of whim.

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Jane Oates' troubled sensations were heightened by fever: she had a temperature, had only got up this morning and should have been still in bed. But today—now—she was to meet Maximilian Bewdon; to meet Maximilian Bewdon for the first time: she would not have failed if she'd had to come from the tomb.

Not only influenza but hero worship made her pulses race. His letter, with the invitation to lunch, had been brought to her the first day she was ill, and her thought then had been: I must go if I die. So images had swum through her drowsy days and made her delirious nights ecstatic. Here she was, on her way to Medusa Terrace—too eager, she had got off the bus too soon. Her feet were lead, her spine ached, her head sang, glassily clear.

The thaw had left London glistening, supine, sunny. From gardens the snow, swept up into mounds, had not gone yet. Jane had come on buses from Battersea Park; she was not a Londoner; she had not been up here before. Everything, in this maze of trees and doorways, as she walked toward Maximilian, gave her its message or mystery. The sun hurt her still rather weak eyes. She had the stolid, untroubled beauty of a mature country girl, and a touch of old-fashioned style.

II

In the autumn, about three months ago, Jane's book had been published. It was a naïve book, but sufficiently disconcerting, and *new*—too new to go far unless it should happen to catch some important eye. She had no friends (in London), no one to make a splash. So the publisher gave the book an agreeable format, a vermilion cover with a chalky surface, gave one or two luncheons for Jane (at which she could not speak) and hoped for a *succès d'estime*. Maximilian, reviewing for an obscure paper, had not only 'done' the book but had made a feature of it. The publisher shrugged when he got the cutting and saw Maximilian's name. But Jane's cup was full. She got the column by heart and, for days, sang a Magnificat. That *he* should have written this—and that he should have written *this!* Her liberation into this sudden book could have been all: but now she was truly crowned.

She wrote Maximilian a humble letter, confessing the hero worship of years. Since she was seventeen (she was now thirty) she had hardly missed a word Maximilian signed. She was deeply feeling; she lived alone in the country. She was a true enough artist to have false taste—for the ignorant artist, like the savage, is attracted by what is glittering: by the time he learns what is what, some virtue is gone already.

Maximilian Bewdon, after about a week, had replied to Jane's letter: they started to correspond. Though her book was prose she wrote poems also, she told him, but she was shy of those. She learned that he was married; he asked her if she were married; she answered that she had never been in love. Before Christmas, she was able to write and tell him she was coming to London, to share a flat for three months with a friend who lived in Battersea Park. When she got to Battersea Park, already ill, she got his letter, bidding her bring the poems to lunch.

So here they were, in a folder under her arm. She was not nervous; fever

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floated her, or distilled her out of herself. But when she turned the corner into Medusa Terrace, Jane Oates stopped—like everyone else. She instinctively put her hand up, then took her hand from her eyes to see the same thing again—that north-facing terrace of cracked stucco, dank in its own shadow, semi-ruinous, hollow, full of sealed-up echoes. Doors nailed up, windows boarded or stony with grime. In the gardens, the snow was trodden black. The place so much expected an instant doom, one felt unsafe standing near it.

'*Am* I—? Or *could* he have—?'

Jane looked up at the numbers stuck on the broken fanlights. Still at the 1's and 2's—he had said, No. 16. Plunging into the shadow with a shiver—she had kept to the sunny sides of the roads—she walked the length of the façade. At the end she dared look up: the last house *was* No. 16. Through less dusty panes she saw curtains like orange ghosts. A shaft of sun struck through from a back window, through a bunch of balloons hung in an arch. This one end house was tacked, living, to the hulk of the terrace. She turned up the steps and rang.

III

When she had rung twice, a lady came to the door, knocking back a strand of gray hair from her eyes. She eyed Jane and eyed the folder of poems. 'Oh dear—I hope you are not Miss Oates?'

'I . . .'

'Oh dear. I had wired to put you off: you did not seem to be on the telephone. My husband has been ill for several days; he's just up, but not fit to see anyone. He only remembered this morning that you were coming, or I should have—I *am* sorry. Oh dear.'

At these words Jane, in her feverish weakness, sweated: she saw sweat and a flush break out on the lady's forehead, and Mrs. Bewdon put up a hand and said: 'We've had influenza.'

'I've had it, too.'

'It seems to be everywhere.'

'I'm sorry I didn't get your telegram: I started early, it was a long way. . . .'

'Nancy,' said a voice from inside a room, 'let Miss Oates come in.'

So Jane, unable to say anything further, was let into the shabby decent hall—an oak chest with letters stamped for posting, prints hung on the paper seamed with damp, a humid smell of broth. She turned through a door to face Maximilian, who stood in the archway, underneath the bunch of colored balloons. She heard the roar of two antique gasfires, one in the dark front room, one in the sunny back, and saw Maximilian's figure crucified on the sunshine in an extravagance of apology.

'What must you think?' he said. She stood blind, the sun in her eyes, and could not think anything. There was a moment's silence, while Jane shifted the folder, pressing it with the thumb of her woollen glove. Then he said: 'Thank you for missing the telegram.'

'But I must go.'

'No, you mustn't go. There *is* lunch.' He reached out—the act seemed vague and belated, like an act in a dream—and shook Jane's hot, dry hand in his hotter and drier hand. 'Now you're here,' he said.

'But you're ill. . . .'

'Still, I'm here,' he said, with an obstinate frown. They sat down beside each other on the sofa, and she

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saw his exposed-looking forehead, the spectacles through which he sent, obliquely, a look at once baited and fiery, the short hands wasting their force in uneasy fleeting nervous touches on things. Maximilian looked about fifty; he looked frustrated and spent. His hair, weak as fur, flowed back, and he wore a little moustache. He said, with an accusing smile: 'You thought I had gone.'

'Yes I did, when I first came to the terrace.'

'That's what they all think—that lets them out, don't you see. They take one look and go home. "He'd gone," they say to the others. Lots don't start at all. "We don't know where he is now. They've pulled down where he once was. There's no tracing him. . . ."'

'How *can* you?' Jane said gently. Maximilian repeated: 'It lets them out. That's my tact.'

Jane, looking apprehensively around at the room, said: 'But some day, I suppose, it *will* happen?'

'Oh, we'll be pulled down all right,' said Maximilian, sweating, pressing his forehead with the back of his hand.

'If the idea upsets you. . . .'

Mrs. Bewdon, laying the front room table, said: 'The idea does not upset my husband at all. When we move, he will miss it. We are let keep this house on from week to week: when the men come, they'll begin at the other end. They work fast, I daresay, and it will be so noisy. So then we *shall* have to think. . . .'

'I am so sorry,' said Jane.

'I shan't be sorry,' said Mrs. Bewdon. 'That will be something settled.' She bent to straighten a fork. 'He—I—we cannot bear to decide. . . .'

Her husband said: 'One decides quickly enough when there is any question of desire.'

'It's so long since the last of our neighbors left; they expected something to happen, but nothing has, as you see. At the same time, it's still a shock to find *nobody* else. It is not as though this house stood by itself. When we cannot sleep, or when we are at all ill. . . . For instance, since my husband has been ill he keeps hearing the piano next door. "Go in," he said to me yesterday, "and tell her how much I like her playing. Ask her to go on playing—." Yes, you *did*, Maximilian. But No. 15 is empty; it's nailed up; there is a crack under the balcony.'

She looked through the arch at her husband, laughing, not altogether kindly.

'The house suits me,' he said. 'Are we going to have no lunch?' Mrs. Bewdon picked up her tray and floundered out of the room.

A slight steam came from the dishes. Jane Oates could taste nothing: she scalded her mouth with the broth, and the fish pie lay on her tongue like wadding. The Bewdons put up an even less good show. She no longer heard what was said, or heard if anything *was* said: before the end of lunch she had to stop and rest her brow on her hands. Maximilian poured himself out a glass of water. The sun wheeled off the face of the extinct terrace opposite: reflections no longer entered the north room. Someone left the table, and when Jane raised her forehead Maximilian said: 'Nancy has gone to make the coffee.'

'Oh, it will be too hot.'

Maximilian agreed: 'This is the worst time of day.'

She looked: behind his and her

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figures she saw bookshelves, in the flat fading light. She looked up, at the cracks across the ceiling and at the bunch of balloons—air must have escaped from them, for they were already flaccid like old grapes. 'Why are those balloons there?'

'A man peddled them up and down the terrace, so I had to buy them all.'

'That was kind.'

'He held me responsible.' Maximilian hitched one elbow over the back of his chair; he turned away from Jane with a quick, rather frenzied movement.

'Mr. Bewdon, I ought not to make you talk.'

'We shan't meet again like this—for the first time. We shan't meet again when we don't know what we are saying.'

Birds and waterfalls sounded in Jane's head, so that when Mrs. Bewdon brought in the tray of coffee and poured out, talking, Jane sat not listening but smiling. 'Maximilian, you're not drinking your coffee. It's no use to sit twisting around from the light. Miss Oates will excuse you: you must go and lie down.'

'Miss Oates must stay with me, to read her poems.'

'Well, you may read, Miss Oates, but *he* must not say anything. When he goes to sleep, creep away, if you don't mind. I'm going up to lie down in my own room. It will do me good.'

IV

Maximilian went through the arch and lay down on the sofa in the back room: Mrs. Bewdon tucked a rug over his feet, and soon the gasfire drew a scorched smell from the rug. For some time one heard Mrs. Bewdon walking about upstairs; then a spring creaked in her bed as she lay down.

Maximilian crossed his hands over his eyes; Jane undid the folder of poems and sat on a low chair, one elbow on the typewriting table so that she could prop her cheek on her hand. The wintry sun no longer afflicted them; it sent rays obliquely across the garden, through the boughs of a tree. Jane did not know she knew her poems by heart, but now she heard herself speak them as though she were hypnotized. It frightened her not to know what was coming next—and she felt something mounting up round her in the dusk, was again frightened, did not know where it came from. Whenever she stopped, the outdoor silence pressed as close as suspense: you had the sensation of a great instrument out there in London, unstruck.

Jane kept her eyes down as though she were reading, but when she paused she looked toward Maximilian—at his face pitched up unkindly by the end of the sofa, and at his eye-bandage of knotted hands. All at once he said: 'Stop.'

She broke off a line.

'You're so beautiful.'

'But your hands are over your eyes.'

'I remember you—coming in and standing there in the sun. So ill, when I am so ill. You might be a lovely neighbor. You played the piano yesterday.'

'I was ill yesterday.'

'Then you did play the piano. . . . Come over here, Jane.'

Jane dropped the poems and knelt by the sofa. Maximilian uncovered his eyes—after a moment he caught at her two wrists and held them so that her fingers were pressed to his temples.

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'Fever and pain,' he said. 'You make me hear the piano. What do you hear?'

'A waterfall in my head.' She felt her pulse jumping inside his grip and said: 'We are making each other iller.' He had shut his eyes; she looked at his face and said: 'I wish I had cool hands.'

'If you had cool hands you would go away. I shall lose you when you are well.' Pressing her fingers closer to his temples he said: 'All this will be gone —where we are—not a rack left. There'll be no "here" left—how can you come back?' Then he let go her wrists roughly. 'But I don't want you to come again'.

'Why?'

'You'd soon see why.'

'But my poems. . . .'

'Take them away. Burn them. You'll only lose your way.'

'Are you lost?'

'Yes, I'm lost. You don't understand yet. We only know when we're ill—the piano inside my head, the waterfall inside yours. My image of you, that neighborly image. Eternity is inside us—it's a secret that we must never, never, never try to betray. Look where just *time* has brought me; look at where it's left me. When you make friends, don't talk about me.'

'You praised my book,' she said wildly, starting up.

'I've still got to live. How could I write in a paper "She should have burned her hands off before she wrote?"'

'Are we not to believe in each other?'

'Come back here; put your head beside me.' Maximilian rolled his head sideways on the end of the sofa, and, sitting back on her heels on the ground beside him, Jane laid her head where he had made room. Maximilian's voice went drowsy; his eyes closed. 'You sweet neighbor,' he said. 'You sweet distempered friend.'

'But Shakespeare. . . .'

'Go to sleep, Jane, never mind, go to sleep.'

Mrs. Bewdon woke and came down to make tea. She fumbled her way to the kitchen, where she put on the kettle, then into the back room, where she turned the light on and saw Jane and Bewdon asleep with their foreheads together: he lying, she kneeling twisted beside the sofa. They looked like a suicide pact. The room smelled of the scorching of Bewdon's rug. Mrs. Bewdon, when she had drawn the curtains, stooped and gave Jane's shoulder a light pat. 'Teatime,' she said.

Jane opened her eyes, and Mrs. Bewdon gave her a hand up. Maximilian went on breathing stertorously.

'I ought to go.'

'Oh, I should have something hot first. You don't look really fit to be out at all. He'll sleep on,' she said, without a glance at the sofa, 'so you can slip away just when you like.'

The two women, at tea in the front room, talked low, so as not to wake Maximilian. They did not want to wake him for their peace' sake. Jane learned, from the way Mrs. Bewdon spoke of her husband, that she felt a dogged, loyal, unsmiling, unloving pity for him. Mrs. Bewdon's demoralized manner seemed to come from her opinion that she did not live with a real man. She must have married during some delusion of youth.

Mrs. Bewdon's kindness to Jane was profoundly chagrining.

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Mrs. Bewdon said: 'It's been kind of you to have come. Such a long way—I hope it has been worth while. I'm sorry my husband was not more himself, but you know what influenza is. He's always interested in young writers, though I'm afraid he's inclined to discourage them. He likes to say to them "Don't write."'

'Do they mind?'

'They think it is just his fun,' said Mrs. Bewdon, looking around for the sugar. 'Or else they think he's jealous. But he does really take an interest in them. He's disappointed they don't come back.'

Jane tried to feel sorry for the sleeping man. She still felt herself closely bound to him—he had done no more than hold her wrists, but she was a girl who had never been touched. Now, the indifference in Mrs. Bewdon's voice, and her half-understanding, brought everything low. He has lost me, too, she thought. I shall be unhappy when I am well again.

'Oh, must you be going?' said Mrs. Bewdon. 'Perhaps you are right, though: your eyes look rather ill. Shall I ring up a taxi?'

'No, thank you; I can't afford one.'

'Don't forget your poems,' said Mrs. Bewdon, running back for the folder. 'I expect they are good.'

Jane heard Bewdon, the other side of the archway, turn over and exclaim something in his sleep—one of those sleeping protests. Running quickly away from his helplessness, she followed Mrs. Bewdon into the hall. The hall door, opened by Mrs. Bewdon, showed cracked steps dropping into the dark. 'You must walk past some day,' said Mrs. Bewdon, 'and see if we are still here.'

The terrace gave out a hundred hollow echoes and, as the door shut, just perceptibly shook. The lamplight picked out its sad face. Not a step but Jane's on the pavement; not a note from the piano. They stared at Jane when she got into the bus. . . . On the Battersea Park hall table she found the telegram: she pushed away her poems behind her bureau, but took the telegram to her cold bed. Through the night, she kept starting up, switching her lamp on; she re-read 'Should not see anyone.' In the dark again she heard Bewdon's voice saying 'Sleep. . . .' Her pillow sounded hollow with notes and knockings, notes and knockings you hear in condemned rooms.

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Persons and Personages

The Man Behind the Bombs

By C. A. Lyon

From the *Sunday Express*, London Independent Conservative Weekly

[*Russell, on the eve of the arrival of the King and Queen at Windsor, whence they entered the United States, was arrested by the Federal authorities, acting on orders of Scotland Yard, which explained that the British Home Office wished to extradite him. The resulting outcry by Irish-Americans was so great, in and out of Congress, that nine days later he was released, after his freedom was demanded by Representative James P. McGranery of Pennsylvania.* The Editors]

THIS is the story of Sean Russell, the creator and controller of the Irish terrorist movement.

He is the chief terrorist of our day. When a bomb goes off—whether it be at Harlesden, Manchester, Glasgow, Victoria, St. Helens, Tottenham Court Road, Leeds or King's Cross—it is the bomb of Sean Russell. Sean Russell collects the funds, gets the explosives, chooses and drills the men, picks out the spots where the bombs are placed and pays the bomb carriers.

Sean Russell, aged about fifty, is chief of staff of an army of 10,000 Irish terrorists. Picture him: about five feet ten inches in height; gray eyes, in a face that is very set and has a jutting chin. Above the fanatical face sprouts fluffy, upstanding red hair. The hair has deserted his temples. He is broad-shouldered and stocky and respectably dressed.

He is grim, silent and ruthless, and harsh to his subordinates. Irish people who knew him had their best laugh for years when an American paper recently called Sean 'a quiet, cultured scholar.' For he is anything but that. He speaks in an uneducated way with a strong Irish brogue. Nor has much orating made him a good orator; he gets too excited and bellows. Like Hitler, he is a non-smoker. Like Mussolini—and I claim nothing more than coincidence in these particulars—he loves to drive at desperate speeds. His red sports car is fairly well known in Dublin.

Sean Russell is a Roman Catholic, despite the fact that the Church has called his movement 'sinful and irreligious.'

He is one of three brothers, Patrick, Joseph and Sean, or as we should say in England, 'John.' In such periods as he is not in hiding, Sean lives with his two brothers in North Strand Road, Dublin. This is in a work-

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ing-class district, a fifteen-minute bus ride from the center of the city. Sean's two brothers have the small joinery business called P. and J. Russell, Ltd. They make spades, white-wood articles, and the like.

One house in which Sean Russell lived had a curious bathroom. The mirror in it swung upward if you gave it a lift. It was then seen to be hinged. A trap behind it led into another room which, though it had a window, had no door. These interesting particulars were once given in court.

When I set out to study Sean Russell, I wanted to know how he gained the experience, the contacts, the prestige that enable him to collect and direct his battalions of desperate men. Sean Russell has been all that he asks his men to be. He has a quarter of a century of terrorism behind him.

He was a section leader before the 1916 rising in Dublin and was promoted to company commander. His company was soon known before all for its 'efficiency.' Made vice-commander of Dublin in 1918, he commanded 1,300 to 1,500 men soon after he was thirty. In 1920 he became 'director of munitions.' This experience is significant, for he established twelve munition shops, each with twelve men, under the very noses of the British.

In 1921 he made history. It was Sean Russell—few know it—who blew up the Dublin Custom House at North Wall. It blazed two days, and historically it is comparable with the Reichstag fire. After the settlement this daring terrorist was one of the few who evaded imprisonment.

Between 1928 and 1934 Dublin people had the curious spectacle of him running a market garden on the north side of Dublin. His lettuces and tomatoes were on sale locally. Although he had studied to be an engineer at the National University in Dublin, his bit of market gardening appears to be the only ordinary work Sean Russell has ever done in his life.

During this time, in 1932, a big event in his life occurred. De Valera had come to power. Sean Russell went to see him. He asked him two questions:—

'Will you guarantee to declare an Irish republic?

'Will you make the old organization into the regular army of the Republic?'

De Valera turned him down on both questions—and Sean Russell decided to plan the rebirth of the terrorist movement. That was the real germ of the present bomb campaign.

It did not come for a time. The year 1937 passed, and many of the old leaders, who had received varying sentences since de Valera came to power, came out of prison without anything happening. The released men had become dispirited in prison. Some of them lost their health.

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There were two factions in the Irish terrorist movement, the moderates and the extremists. Sean Russell utterly despised the moderates. Eighteen months ago, he and a bodyguard of twelve men with drawn guns forced their way into the general council of the movement and sat down in the front row.

Sean Russell made a speech under the cover of the guns, and the moderates 'decided' to resign and leave him in control.

Sean Russell and his gunmen then went out—backward. So Sean Russell, the tough man, became the new head.

Then suddenly six months ago Dublin woke up on a Sunday morning and found the city plastered with posters on every other lamppost and boarding.

The posters announced that Irish terrorism was to be reborn.

The signatories were a surprise. Of six names only two, those of Sean Russell and George Plunkett were 'old' Terrorists. The rest were nonentities. One of the other signatories was Fleming, the 'secretary' who wrote to Lord Halifax.

Fleming is rather interesting. He is a mental hospital attendant at Killarney. When the movement was reborn he went on 'sick leave' and presented a medical certificate. He is still 'on leave.'

In the new campaign Sean Russell had under his control forces which had been trained for months beforehand. They are believed to be distributed as follows: Eire, 1,500; Northern Ireland 5,000; England and Scotland, 3,000, including 300–400 'activists' or bomb carriers.

The members of the movement are believed to have been trained and drilled in the mountains around Dublin and in certain halls situated in poky back streets of Dublin itself.

A few months ago, when the campaign was well launched and the publicity of it had gone all over the world, Sean Russell went to America. He went in his own name. He had a valid passport, with a visa from the United States Consulate in Dublin, and he traveled in the same ship as one of de Valera's parliamentary secretaries! He entered the United States 'for fifteen days to visit relations.' He stayed about twelve weeks and collected, it is said, $3,000,000.

As the Irish terrorist movement was outlawed at the end of June and its property is liable to confiscation, this money will probably be banked in New York and drawn in driblets.

During his tour Sean Russell spoke at many meetings, arranged by the powerful Irish-American Movement. It was noticed that a good many German-American Nazis were at the meetings, and that they contributed generously.

Sean Russell stands at the biggest crisis of his career now. He is on his way back home from America. Since he has left a law has been

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passed which makes him an outlaw in Ireland, and he is liable to arrest at sight.

If the Eire police catch sight of Sean Russell with his prominent mop of red hair, he will undoubtedly go to prison for a long time, and the chances are that his leaderless movement will fade away.

Mysterious Herr Wohltat

By L. M.

Special Correspondence to *The Living Age*

A MEDIUM tall and slender German of forty-four, with a face apparently set in a permanent grimace and whose general stamp is that of the Prussian officer, is making the front pages these days as a sort of Nazi *deus-ex-machina*. In the course of his recent peregrinations over the face of the Continent, he stopped briefly at London and there inadvertently provoked howls of dismay and ridicule that had even louder reverberations at Berlin.

He is Dr. Helmuth Wohltat, whose portfolio at the moment is that of head of the Balkan Department of the German Ministry of Economics. In that capacity he has been busy night and day, and he has succeeded in shrouding most of his activities in such clouds of secrecy that newspaper correspondents, once they learn of his presence in a capital, immediately assume that he is hatching some fabulous or monstrous plan to the disadvantage, usually, of Britain, France or the United States. The fact more often is that he is merely drumming up business in a quiet manner, just as all consular representatives do throughout the world.

But in one recent instance the newspapermen did reveal a 'monstrous plan.' Herr Doktor Wohltat, arrived in London in July ostensibly in the capacity of German delegate to the World Whaling Conference—surely an inoffensive and colorless assignment, as the German Embassy in London tried to persuade the envoys of Fleet Street.

Most of the press, indeed, were satisfied that Dr. Wohltat had no sinister or malevolent purpose in mind. Two journalists, however, were convinced that some skullduggery was afoot, and they pursued the German envoy around the diplomatic purlieus of London and tapped their confidential pipelines of information. The upshot was that simultaneously the *News-Chronicle* and the *Daily Telegraph* appeared with a world-shaker spread boldly over their front pages.

However much Prime Minister Chamberlain sought to minimize the story, the next day, the essential facts could not be denied, and they were these:

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Robert Spear Hudson, the Secretary for Overseas Trade, had made overtures to Dr. Wohltat and discussed with him a plan whereby, in return for a British loan to Germany of $5,000,000,000; the Reich was to withdraw from Czecho-Slovakia, would share in the development of African colonies, and would 'step down' her armament economy to a peacetime industrial economy. Immediately denunciatory and ribald cries of 'Appeasement again!' rent the air, Chamberlain's lean head disappeared under a torrent of invective, and a deafening chorus of editorial fulmination arose from the German press. In his own defense, Secretary Hudson protested that he had been merely sounding out Dr. Wohltat's sentiments toward a proposal that was strictly his own creation, and the very obviously nettled Chamberlain had the magnanimity to uphold Hudson and to continue that indiscreet junior Minister in office.

Dr. Wohltat hastened back to Berlin, permitting himself as much of a sardonic smile as his visage permits.

The chief of the Balkan Department of the Ministry of Economics for many years has been forced to live out of a suitcase, for he has been almost continually on the move. Not so long ago, unheralded, he bobbed up in Bucharest and there negotiated the German-Rumanian trade treaty to the accompaniment of much bleating in some sections of the British and French press. Next he appeared in Prague with the thankless assignment of 'annexing' the entire industrial machinery of the defunct republic. He shook the dust of the former Czech capital from his heels, hoping to be rewarded with a stay of several weeks in his Tiergarten flat in Berlin, only to be dispatched to Burgos. Hitler wanted an early 'good-will' token from nationalist Spain, in return for his aid against the Loyalists, and Dr. Wohltat was ordered to negotiate favored concessions with respect to Spanish lead, copper and zinc, imperatively needed by the Reich's armament-makers. After he effected these concessions, which in no way added to Italy's happiness in her Axis partnership, the German economic utility-man bought himself another toothbrush and collar and took the *rapide* for Paris and London. In the latter capital he was instrumental in creating an earlier uproar, by bringing about the surrender to Germany of $25,000,000 in Czech gold. The stature of Mr. Chamberlain was not increased by that capitulation to the Führer, and the resultant protest by the Opposition in Parliament disturbed the rafters of that substantial edifice.

Unquestionably, Dr. Wohltat has some very considerable talents as a negotiator, and not the least of them is his ability as a linguist and, in all seriousness, his magnificent capacity to consume champagne and cognac and remain on his feet and in possession of his faculties—and, perhaps, his diplomatic adversary's faculties. His father was the proprietor of a millinery store in Dusseldorf, a not very military background for the

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young Helmuth. But during the War he served as a lieutenant of cavalry, then was appointed aide-de-camp to General Werner von Blomberg, former Nazi War Minister, who at the time was General Mackensen's collaborator in the conquest of Rumania.

His interest in oil began during his stay in Rumania, and, after the war, he determined to seek a career in oil promotion. He sailed for the United States, but there he discovered that the connections he had made among Rumanian oil-producers were of no help to him in Wall Street. But he worked for Sir Henry Deterding's Shell Oil interests, traveled extensively in Mexico, and broadened his knowledge of the world's geography considerably. In 1930 he married a German-American schoolteacher of Philadelphia, and much of his subsequent success he owes to her relationship to the wife of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, former head of the Economic Ministry. Through this connection, in 1933, he was brought into Dr. Schacht's employ, serving in the novel capacity of a liaison man between the Reichswehr, where Wohltat had a powerful friend in General von Blomberg, and the Reichsbank, at that time headed by Dr. Schacht.

Four years later Wohltat, whose proficiency had been recognized and who had achieved the incredible feat of making no serious political enemies, was appointed director of the Foreign Currency Department, an office closely linked, of course, with the Economics Ministry. In this capacity he had under his immediate control a substantial part of the direction of Germany's exports.

Literally, Wohltat's name means "good deed." Unlike many of his colleagues in Government office, it is said of him that he has not ended his relations with Jewish friends or acquaintances—particularly with the Jewish industrialists he came to know before the Nazis arrived in power. After the November pogroms last year, Hitler had him appointed Commissar for the Jews, feeling that this appointment of a man not rabidly anti-Semitic might somewhat appease the critics. His period of office was not prolonged, however, because of criticism of his abortive plan to finance the emigration of German Jews through American Jews. The next post given him was that which he still occupies in the Economics Ministry.

Dr. Wohltat is a silent man, not given to much conversation. He lives in a luxurious apartment in the Tiergarten section of Berlin, but he is not prone to ostentation and acquired an automobile only two years ago. Sometimes called Hitler's 'No. 1 Trade Executive,' he seems destined to that place in Hitler's confidence and esteem once occupied by Dr. Schacht, who was deposed last year largely because of his opposition to the Führer's insistence on ever-increasing expenditures for arms.

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Franco's Brother-in-Law

By Georges Ravon

Condensed from *Figaro*, Paris Conservative Daily

YOU can't talk half an hour with a Spaniard without him telling you the story of Spain's dictator, General Francisco Franco, arriving at the gates of Heaven and being quizzed by St. Peter. The conversation between them goes thus:—

Franco:—I am Franco.

St. Peter:—Never heard of you.

Franco:—El Caudillo.

St. Peter:—Never heard of him.

Franco:—The brother-in-law of Serrano Suner.

St. Peter:—Oh, come right in. Why didn't you say you were a friend of his?

From this it will be gathered that Mme. Franco's brother, though not the actual ruler of Nationalist Spain, is the power behind the Dictator. And this fact is important to the democracies, for Senor Suner is no friend of France—particularly since he remembers that a considerable number of Frenchmen fought in the International Brigade.

Franco and his brother-in-law live at the same comfortable villa, ten minutes walk away from the Ministries in Burgos. The two men are opposites physically, intellectually and morally. The stout Generalissimo has a friendly word and a pleasant gesture for everyone. His cheeks are smooth and rosy. He has a kindly look which separates him, in spite of himself, from the traditional picture of a dictator.

Suner is under forty, but his hair is graying. His face is narrow, ascetic and worried. His eyes are hard. He might smile his sparing, cold smile, if he knew that people call him Mephistophelian. That is the impression he gives when he leaves his office, his tall thin figure clothed in the black uniform of the Falange, Spain's Fascist organization.

The name that covers all Spain's walls is that of Franco. There is no publicity for Serrano Suner, but his name is found at the bottom of decrees and orders as Minister of the Interior.

Although Minister Suner is powerful, he is not popular. By profession a magistrate, hard working, tenacious, patriotic and ambitious, he gave himself over to politics with a fierce ardor. He has overturned all obstacles in his path, either by violent or subtle means. Even Nicolas Franco, brother of the dictator, is in exile, but Serrano Suner remains —and bids fair to remain the virtual ruler of Spain for a long time.

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A Liberal editor voices his disillusionment as he sees the world making the mistakes it made twenty years ago.

In Retrospect

By KINGSLEY MARTIN

From the *New Statesman and Nation*
London Independent Weekly of the Left

IT IS an odd feeling to stand on the edge of what will probably be the greatest tragedy in the history of civilized man. We know too much about war to cherish any of the old illusions that its bloodshed is hallowed by its cause or that good results or noble ideals will be furthered by its sacrifice. One of the few services one may still perform is to write down for those who have grown up since the War some explanation, as sincere and candid as one can make it, of the reasons for our failure. I speak of failure because whether general war is imminent or not, it must now be clear to everyone that the whole post-War effort to rid the world of war has failed. Society has fallen into the clutches of people who believe in war as an instrument of policy and can only think of progress in terms of conquest.

'Never again,' we all said, soldiers and others alike. But how were we to prevent it happening again? Back from France in 1919 I thought we had perhaps thirty years in which to organize peace, because I know that there is an extreme reluctance in men to face war twice in their lives. It has been a general rule in our history that war fever cannot be engendered until a younger generation grows up which is not inoculated by experience. Hitler today relies on young men warped in nurture by war, famine and revolution. The democratic countries are piloted by old men who fear war and fear any change in the *status quo;* the Fascist countries by young fanatics who are trained to glory in the virile slaughter of those weaker than themselves. The Nazi revolution has hastened disaster by ten years perhaps, but war was inevitable sooner or later, unless we who knew and understood could change society while we were still young enough to count.

What changes did we think necessary? Wars would continue and grow more and more horrible as long as the international anarchy continued. And an international order was impossible

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so long as States were armed rivals representing the interests of a ruling class and turning out battleships and bombs to defend and extend these interests. The task was to build an international society and that meant to achieve Socialism within the great States, to develop the League, since that was the only instrument to hand, and to educate the public into international habits of thought and inoculate it against national propaganda.

II

But I am dealing here with our failure in Britain. Some, sure that war was the greatest of all evils, held that in the long run the only solution lay in an improvement of individual morality, in the creation of so large a body of war resisters that no government could go to war. Only if men individually held it always and in all circumstances wicked to drop bombs and shove bayonets through one another's guts—only then should we avoid the traps of propaganda and defeat the subconscious drives that make men find excuses for war. The implications of this view were disarmament, international, if possible, and unilateral, if not. In any case their hope for peace was founded on the individual refusal to fight. As long as this refusal is put on the ground of conscience, the pacifist's position was, and still is, unanswerable, however difficult it may be to maintain.

Politically speaking, the ethical advocate of non-resistance found himself in alliance with the Marxist war-resister. Both held, and rightly, that modern international war is the final exploitation of the worker and both hoped that a refusal to obey would stop any government going into war. A resolution calling for joint industrial action in the event of a threat of war was passed by the Annual Conference of the Labour Party as late as 1933, where it appeared inconsistently side by side with resolutions supporting the League of Nations. There are still many war resisters of both the ethical and political types. But as a political force the movement was undermined by the rise of Hitlerism. Once the international Labour and Peace movements in Germany and Austria had been destroyed the political argument for war-resistance was gone. It became the philosophy of the minority-minded, for the political efficacy of a pacifist or a war resistance policy lay in the hope of a similar movement in the country that might be your enemy.

The critical decision was taken by the British Labour movement at the great debate on sanctions at the Party Conference in the Dome at Brighton in 1935. George Lansbury resigned and argued passionately for the pacifist case. Bombs were the same whether they were dropped in the name of the League or in the name of Fascist imperialism. We could do no good in going into a possible war behind a capitalist government. The reply, vehement and powerful, came from Ernest Bevin and carried the day. Behind his passionate defense of a League policy was a bitter hatred of Fascism, which had destroyed working-class institutions and thrown the leaders of labor into concentration camps. It was Cripps, who saw the dangers more clearly; his analysis was correct, but it could not make a party program. He would not support sanctions because he believed, as many of

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us guessed, that the British Government had no intention of overthrowing Mussolini, and Sir Samuel Hoare's speech was a springe to catch woodcocks. It did catch them and won for the Government a great parliamentary majority on a League platform which it tore to shreds the moment it was in power.

III

After the trickery of Ethiopia part of the Labour movement might have gone back to war-resistance had it not been for Spain. But who, if he wanted a world of Socialism and peace, could fail to see the lesson of Fascist intervention in Spain? The struggle to obtain support for the Spanish government, the collection of money from humble people amounting to over a million pounds in this country alone to help their comrades in Spain, has been the greatest effort ever made by the rank and file in the teeth of the most active propaganda from the supporters of Franco. Here, all of us who were not blinded by class prejudice knew was a decisive battle for democracy. Here we shed our illusions and realized our duty. No pacifist ought to have had doubts here, for unless he was a complete Tolstoyan and anarchist and repudiated the use of police in domestic politics, he could not hold that a democratic government was wrong in using all the power at its command to suppress a Fascist revolution. He could not separate the army from the police, for the army is only an armed police.

To yield to Franco meant the end of democratic institutions. It meant to accept the principle that neither France nor Britain could ever have a progressive government without the threat of Fascist revolution aided by foreign Fascism. It meant a very complete surrender, for the modern State can use the press and radio, the courts and the special police to maintain a control never possible in the past. In the nineteenth century the working class in Paris or Vienna could throw up barricades in the street and defend themselves with a few ancient muskets, and sometimes succeed in winning over the soldiers sent against them. But in the twentieth century an implacable government willing to use tanks, airplanes and machine guns can crush any revolt. The workers' only chance would be if they were themselves armed. That is why in Europe today there are some who hope for war; it is common talk in Germany that if Hitler puts weapons into the hands of his reservists, he runs grave risks as soon as Germany suffers any reverses.

In 1937 Mr. Chamberlain got rid of Mr. Eden and decided to run a business man's policy, cutting the Gordian knot of diplomacy by offering to make an economic and political deal with the dictators and telling them that they could do what they liked without interference from us as long as they did not tread on our preserves. This conception of appeasing the Have-Not Powers and saving ourselves from war meant in any case surrendering Europe to Fascism, but it seemed a not impossible policy to people who did not understand that Nazi Germany was not to be placated, as other imperialisms might be, by the prospect of a wider field of economic expansion. At Munich Mr. Chamberlain still suffered from the delusion of the cruder kind of Marxists who used to analyze the Nazi movement purely in

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terms of monopoly capitalism. The policy of refusing a Russian alliance and leaving Eastern Europe to the Nazis would have succeeded if Hitler had also been a Birmingham business man.

To those who saw this prospect and understood the dynamics of Fascism and the psychology of dictatorships the Chamberlain period has been a nightmare. It was true that Mr. Chamberlain was a man of peace, and that to oppose him was to ask for the risk of war, to outrage all one's instincts in favor of reconciliation and to appeal to those very national passions which one had trained oneself to overcome. Often I have asked myself: If appeasement is abandoned, what else is there but war? And a war of a kind which will not help in the working-class struggle, in which nothing will be achieved except a ruined Europe. If the Nazis came from crushing Germany last time, what shall we get next time? Hyenas? And then one realized that it was not true that, with the Nazis still only halfway to full war preparation, with Hitler intent on piecemeal conquests that would not involve him in general war—then one realized that the choice was not yet surrender or war, though it might well become so if all the chances of stopping Hitler were neglected. If his career could be checked a chance existed for these workers, industrialists and soldiers who feared his policy and detested the Nazi régime.

Therefore the new policy of the Peace Alliance was born; it could only come into being if Britain and France had governments which could coöperate with Russia and, while being clearly ready to resist, offer the German people economic outlets which would undermine the encirclement fears that Dr. Goebbels so strenuously kept alive. Week after week one asked for a democratic initiative which would show that we were not merely holding on to our Empire and that democracy had some conception of economic emancipation that could appeal to people who were learning to regard us with contempt and look to Fascism for help.

IV

I must admit that I have never had much hope for peace since Hitler's victory in 1933. For Hitler seldom, if ever, makes settlements. He only bargains for a truce with those whom he is not yet ready to destroy. The great lie which will bamboozle the bourgeoisie, though they will see through small lies such as they themselves tell, the division and gradual destruction of your possible opponents, the clearly envisaged war when they are divided and weak, the world propaganda to disrupt and encourage Fascist forces in every country, deliberate determination to crush out for ever 'all the principles of 1789'—that is, the liberty for which men have died in the past, the social equality for which they hope and brotherhood which would mean peace—the substitution of a paganism which sets force on a pedestal and regards common men as robots in service to the Nazi State—all this is clearly laid down in *Mein Kampf* and the other official literature of the Nazis. There was no hope for Europe unless we undermined and changed this new barbarism and not much more hope unless we did so without war. Therefore, I wrote, and the sentence has

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guided me ever since, the object of all policy should be to defeat Fascism without war. If war came it was too late. There were plenty of chances—not only over Manchuria, Ethiopia, Spain and Czecho-Slovakia—but chances all the time if we could galvanize democracy into reality and face the facts of the new world, the need for international coöperation, the internationalizing of Empires, economic reconstruction on the basis of the plenty that capitalism squanders.

The logic of the British Government's policy is to accept the status of a second-class Power to which they have reduced this country, and to give up the hope of exercising any powerful influence in the world. If they had the courage they would say something like this: 'We realize that you were right and that capitalism, as we know it, has failed; that it was fatal to balkanize Europe when we might have made it a federation; fatal to try to hold on to the *status quo* and maintain a society with millions of unemployed, unplanned, chaotic and out of date. Because we had not the courage or the imagination to do what history demanded in a decent way, Hitler is solving these problems by the simple means of creating a slave State. We have lost our chance and we go down to history as a decadent ruling class which could neither defend itself nor stand for anything valuable. All we can do now is to save you the horrors of a war which we have neither the courage nor the competence to fight.' That would be sensible, but politically difficult. These people will not have the courage of their own cowardice.

If war does come, what course lies open to those of us who tried to prevent it while there still was time? Many will fight for the Empire, for their old traditions and just because they prefer to fight rather than to give in. But the 'old school tie' will not survive; it represents an anachronism which cannot cope with the forces of the new world. The pacifist will maintain as best he can in a totalitarian war his stand for ultimate values. Liberals and Social Democrats will fight too; some will find that they are at heart old-fashioned imperialists; the best will continue to work for the federal Europe they failed to achieve in 1919. The Communists and many who are not members of the Party will put all their hopes in social revolution. Certainly a social revolution in Germany will be the first thing to work for in war, as it should be in peace. I see no reason to change the original diagnosis we made after the last war; the only hope does rest in international Socialist federation. Great changes seldom come about without great convulsions, and it is vitally important in the horror of war and its aftermath for people who can see a rational goal to keep their eyes fixed on the practical means for its realization, even though millions die and the end achieved will never be exactly that which they seek. Those who talk about the complete collapse of civilization in war may be right; it may end that way. But so it must have seemed in Russia in the anarchy of 1917. That a new civilization different from Lenin's dream, but still full of vitality and creative possibilities, arose out of war was due to men who had 'faith in the impossible' and were tough enough to make it come true.

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Distant India has become another battlefield for totalitarian aspirations.

India Listens

By KHAWAJA AHMED ABBAS

From the *Hindustan Standard*
Calcutta Liberal Daily

IN FRONT of the Municipal Museum in Bombay are placed for public view two mines of German manufacture which were laid in Indian waters by the cruiser *Emden*, during the World War. More than twenty years have passed, but the present rulers of Germany, in spite of the lesson of history, have not given up hope of intervention in India. The new weapons of disruption are not torpedoes and mines but propaganda and intrigue. In a lesser degree, but working more or less concurrently with the Nazis, the other two Powers of the anti-Comintern triangle, Italy and Japan, are also carrying on propaganda for their own purposes in India.

A mere glance at the world map would show why the Nazis, the Fascists and the Japanese militarists are all interested in India. It is the mightiest foundation of the British Empire in the East, an empire which is coveted by all three of the anti-Comintern powers. With its enormous population, important both politically and commercially, and its strategic position—its boundaries touch Afghanistan, Iran, and Soviet Russia in the North-West and China in the North-East—India is a vital factor in the policies of the Fascist powers in the Eastern Hemisphere. A free India in alliance with the democracies and (what the Fascists fear most) sympathetic toward Soviet Russia can be as great a menace to their ambitions as it can be a bulwark of Fascism in the East if it is somehow brought under the influence politically or at least ideologically.

The basis for Fascist propaganda in India is provided by the prevailing anti-British temper of the Indian people. The Nationalist movement, it is evidently believed, can be exploited to rouse sympathy for the Fascist cause. There is, historically, some ground for such a belief. It is well known that during the World War the Prussian diplomats were in close touch with certain Indian revolutionaries living in exile in Europe. The Berlin-Bagdad empire,

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dream was, in some quarters, hopefully extended as far as Delhi. With this aim in view the German Government gave some help to these exiles who, in their turn, planned to free India with German aid.

It is interesting to note that some of these very 'mountebanks of Asia', as they are described by Hitler in *Mein Kampf*, are today among the foremost Nazi propagandists in India. I have met some of them in Europe and found them to be steeped in Fascist ideology. They talked in glowing terms of the work done by Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini in their respective countries, deprecated India's expressions of hostility against Germany, Italy and Japan and inevitably saw the hand of the Jews in the socialistic turn that politics were taking in India. The independence of India, according to them, would be achieved only by following the totalitarian model; rather naïvely they referred to Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy as friends of the Indian revolution. They seem to forget the words of Hitler: 'I, as a German, greatly prefer to see India under British Government than under any other. . . . As a man who estimates the value of mankind on racial lines I must not connect the fate of the German people with these so-called "oppressed nations" who are clearly of racial inferiority.'

It is unlikely that Hitler has changed his pronounced views on the superiority of the Nordic race. But, just as it suits his purpose to support the Arabs (themselves Semites) against the Jews in Palestine, so it is not surprising that he wants to woo the Indian Nationalists, his original racial doctrines notwithstanding.

The attitude of the Indian Nationalists toward totalitarian ideology has undergone considerable change in recent years. I still remember the time, eight or may be ten years ago, when the names of Hitler and Mussolini were honored by youthful Indian patriots in colleges, along with those of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Dan Breen and other Italian, French and Irish revolutionaries. To us, then, they represented a dynamic force in world politics, knights errant rallying forth to strike at the demon of British Imperialism. When Hitler tore up the Treaty of Versailles, we rejoiced. That was the way, we felt, to deal with the authors of the obnoxious Peace Plan. Indians who went to study or tour in Germany came back singing praises of National-Socialism. If we erred in thus misjudging the Nazis, we erred in the distinguished company of radicals all over the world, who pointed with devastating logic at the triumph of Hitlerism as the inevitable result of Versailles. For the Japanese, Indians had entertained sympathy and admiration ever since their victory over the Russians, because it meant the triumph of an Asiatic over a European Power. The growing power of Japan, commercially and militaristically, was also looked upon in India as a welcome obstacle to the menace of European imperialism in the East.

II

Once the dictatorship era had actually started in Italy and Germany, the Indians began to be disillusioned with regard to the totalitarian States. The persecution of Socialists in Italy, the anti-Jew madness in Germany and the invasion of a defenseless country like Ethiopia by Mussolini's black-shirted

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hordes almost completely alienated Indian sympathies from the dictators. The Nazi-Fascist moloch stood exposed in all its hideousness, shorn of all ideological trappings. The Indian National Congress condemned in unequivocal terms the atrocities being committed by Fascist and Nazi rulers on sections of the population in their own countries and on weak peoples like the Ethiopians.

Fascist propaganda has failed to penetrate the vast bulk of public opinion which is directly under the influence of the National Congress. But that does not mean that it has no scope in India whatsoever. If only because the Nationalists have spurned it, the Communalists—especially the more militant among them—have shown definite sympathy for the Fascist ideology. Strangely enough, the otherwise irreconcilable reactionaries and fanatics among both Hindus and Moslems are attracted by totalitarian doctrines though their approach may be from two opposite directions. The pseudo-mystical slogans of the dictators, of course, appeal to them both. The Nazis' glorification of the 'Aryan' race is erroneously interpreted by militant Hindus as a vindication of their own doctrine of race and caste. The adoption of the old Hindus' symbol of the swastika by the Nazis is regarded by them as a manifestation of the proximity of Hitler's philosophy to Hinduism.

The Communalists and their organizations are the most accessible to the Fascist propagandists, but there is a section among the Nationalists, too, which is rather sympathetic toward Fascist ideology. Although, under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, the National Congress has abjured violence, there are still some in the organization who are not convinced of the efficacy of merely passive resistance. It is not unnatural that they should be impressed by the Fascist doctrine of force and what they regard as its success in Germany, Italy and Japan. In Bengal, where terrorist activities on the Sinn Fein model have been rampant for many years, the totalitarian doctrines were once quite popular. Perhaps Hitler's pseudo-mystical justification of force appealed to the sensitive Bengali patriots smarting under the indignity of foreign domination.

III

The most active of the three anti-Comintern Powers is Germany, whose agents' latest 'scoop' is the decision to translate and publish *Mein Kampf* in all the major Indian vernaculars. Slowly and subtly they have acquired some hold over at least a section of the Indian press. Here (as in countries of Central and Eastern Europe) they have taken advantage of the economically shaky position of most small papers in India. Pro-Nazi propaganda matter is supplied free both by agencies in India (for example, the Indo-German News Exchange and the International Railways Information Bureau) and also directly from Germany. Every week there arrives a batch of carefully prepared newsletters, articles of travel, sport, scientific or general interest, photographs and even stereos and matrices. Few Indian papers have on their staffs foreign editors clever enough to sift through this propaganda, and hard-worked sub-editors often use such ready-made matter unwittingly.

The vernacular papers, which have

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particularly limited resources, are more easily caught than others, especially when they are supplied with material written in their own language—by some political exile or student in Germany. Such reports are very cleverly written so that what appears to be a harmless article on a new scientific invention may easily somewhere contain a boost for Nazi ideology. An article on the German flora and fauna, which we received recently in our office, sought to justify the annexation of Austria and the Sudetenland by showing that the plants and animals found in these areas bear a close resemblance to those of Germany proper!

More direct propaganda is being carried on by certain papers in India which clearly subsist on German funds. One such paper, *Spirit of the Time*, is published by the German wife of the professor at the Aligarh Moslem University. The only advertisements it carries are those of German firms such as Krupp, Siemens and A.E.G. In the editorial articles an attempt is made to prove that the Nazi ideals approximate to the tenets of Islam. In the latest issue, the editor declares, 'The Islamic State is a true *Gemeinschaft* in which every individual is doing his duty.' The Leadership principle is also emphasized as being of the essence of Islam, and Moslems are advised to pay allegiance to 'One Leader, One Nation.' It is significant that this same paper carries on propaganda *for* Fascist Italy and Japan and *against* Soviet Russia, Jews and Socialists.

The German community in India is organized in Nazi groups. They have a Leader, clubhouses in various cities and an organ entitled *Der Deutsche in Indien*. One of its recent issues had an article, 'Hate Makes (British) Colonial Policy.' It also contained an account of the activities of the local group in Calcutta, which had organized an exhibition of German art 'open to the non-German public' and which was reported to have achieved a 'cultural-political success.' Indians are often invited to the German clubs to listen to lectures on Nazism and similar topics. As elsewhere in the world, the Jewish and Socialist refugees from Germany living in India complain that they are spied upon by Gestapo agents, not a few of whom, I have been informed, are active in Bombay. It is also believed that Indian employees of German firms are made to take active interest in Nazi propaganda work. For instance, until recently an employee of a German insurance company was conducting the 'Indo-German News Exchange' from his Delhi office.

Whatever the official policy of the British bureaucracy, the attitude of the vast bulk of political India, as represented by the Congress, is definitely anti-Fascist. At the Tripuri session it was once again reiterated in a resolution (one of the very few passed unanimously) which declared: 'The Congress dissociates itself entirely from the British foreign policy which has consistently aided Fascist Powers and helped in the destruction of democratic countries. The Congress is opposed to Fascism and imperialism alike and is convinced that world peace and progress require the ending of both of these.'

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A Japanese diplomatist quizzes the President; a worm's-eye view of the unsettled capital of the Far East.

Beyond *the* Pacific

I. Some Questions for President Roosevelt

By Ryutaro Nagai

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Monthly

JAPAN'S military campaign in China aims at neither territorial acquisitions nor indemnity. The real aims of Japan have been plainly set forth: first, to construct a new China fully independent and freed from those unequal treaties which encroach upon her sovereignty and make her virtually a European colony; and second, to establish through the collaboration of Japan, Manchukuo and China a self-sufficient economic structure which will be mutually beneficial to the peoples of those three countries.

President Roosevelt seems to fail to understand exactly why Japan, with all her sympathy for the Chinese people and her solicitude for China's growth and prosperity, has been drawn into the present conflict.

Up to the present China has been for all practical purposes a colony of Europe. Exposed in the north to the aggression of international Communism moving against the background of the Soviet Union and weighed down in the south under the increasing pressure of the capitalist imperialism of which Britain is the driving force, China's independence has indeed been a matter of mere name. At the general meeting of the Communist International in Moscow in 1922, the Comintern decided to turn from the sovietization of Europe to that of Asia. This new policy proved successful, and the areas in which sovietized régimes were set up were in turn added to the Soviet Union until its domain extended over the districts inhabited by Armenians, Azerbaijans, Cossacks, Kirghizes, Georgians, Turcomanians, Uzbeks and Buriat-Mongols. In addition such parts of China as Outer Mongolia and Sinkiang, or Chinese Turkestan, were brought under the control of Soviet influence. More recently, the lengthening shadow of Red Russia was cast

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across the Yangtze basin with the result that the Chinese Communist forces, some 300,000 strong, at one time overran more than 70 administrative areas along that great river. Moreover, it seems certain that Manchuria as well, had it not been established as an independent sovereign State in good season with the collaboration of Japan, would have proved fertile soil for sovietization in view of the general discontent bred there by the misrule of the two successive masters of the house of Chang.

It should be noted, too, that had Chiang Kai-shek consecrated himself to the cause of order and independence and remained unshaken in his faith and purpose instead of bowing to the Comintern, Japan would have been willing to support his cause and régime. When he was engaged in subduing the warring factions in his country in order to rise to power as China's virtual ruler, he repeatedly appealed to Japan for financial aid and war supplies.

But Japan refused them because she believed that her aid to him, or to any of the warring generals, would only develop and intensify China's internecine warfare, thereby leading to the ultimate subversion of the peace of the whole of East Asia. In these circumstances, Chiang Kai-shek had to turn elsewhere and he found a ready response from the Soviet Union. His appeal for arms and ammunition was generously met by Moscow when the Comintern for its part decided to extend its domain to the central part of China through the instrumentality of Chiang Kai-shek himself.

As a result, relations between Japan and the Nationalist régime went from bad to worse and the rising tide of anti-Japanism swept over China. It was obvious that Japan and the Comintern could never have agreed in their outlooks on international affairs, the former being pledged to the building of lasting peace in East Asia upon the basis of international justice, and the latter aiming to secure a world revolution in pursuit of its materialistic doctrines.

II

Chiang Kai-shek and his followers chose to ally themselves with the European influences that moved behind them and directed the anti-Japanese movement by all means at their disposal, filling the minds of the Chinese people with antagonism toward Japan. By this policy, China's political leaders were directly undermining the peace of the Far East. It may be asked, what civilized country ever deliberately encourages looting, persecution, violence and murder against the nationals of a friendly neighbor? And what, it may be asked, would America have done if such policies had been adopted against her own people?

When in 1913 Huerta, leader of the anti-American movement in Mexico, brought about a revolution and set up his own government, President Woodrow Wilson not only refused to recognize it, but, on the ground that the American flag had been insulted, placed Vera Cruz, Mexico's best port, under military occupation. Furthermore, in 1916 when Villa and his followers rose in revolt against President Carranza, the recognized protégé of America, the action taken by these rebellious elements against American residents in northern Mexico was sufficient reason for President Wilson to

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order a large-scale military expedition to the neighboring country.

There is a number of persons in European and American countries who criticize severely the Japanese actions in Manchuria and China as an attempt to monopolize resources in these parts of the world. But what has become of Manchukuo since its birth as an independent State? Japan has declared the restoration to the new State of the rights of administration, taxation, and extra-territoriality in the zone along the South Manchuria Railway, thus materially contributing to the State's independent position. No less has been done for the recovery of peace and order. Bandit troops, which numbered some 300,000 before 1931, are all but gone, either being subdued or having sworn allegiance to the new authority. The material resources of Manchukuo have been greatly developed through the collaboration of Japanese capital and technique.

Something akin to what has happened in Manchukuo may also be noted in the industrial condition of the areas of China now under Japanese military occupation. Exports and imports for the six ports of North China, namely, Tientsin, Tsingtao, Chefoo, Chinwangtao, Lungkou, and Weihaiwei, last year exceeded ¥973 million, a 75 per cent advance as compared with a total of ¥330 million for those six ports in 1936. This growing foreign trade of Manchukuo and North China has been shared, though in varying degrees, by Britain, America, France, and Germany. Their exports and imports have visibly expanded with the economic development of those areas. In fact, Japan's military undertakings in Manchukuo and China have contributed to the improvement of world trade, and have not served to freeze out the commerce of other countries. Is it not quite natural, therefore, to say that the League of Nations and Secretary Stimson, who in strong terms took exception to Japan's aid to Manchukuo, should take back what they said and render thanks to her for having opened a new market for world trade?

III

If President Roosevelt is truly anxious, as he seems to be, for the peace of East Asia, why will he not coöperate with Japan and eliminate once and for all the menaces to world peace which have arisen from this one-sided attitude of the Powers? Why does he not keep aloof from Britain, France and the Soviet Union who are trying to checkmate Japan in her fight to free the oppressed races of Asia and thus enable them to reconstruct their life on the spirit of justice and the great principle of love and humanity? Japan is animated by the desire to work with other Powers which will respect the independence of all races in Asia and which will work with these races on the principle of equality. With people so disposed, Japan is only too willing to develop the natural wealth of Asia, open up its markets, and construct a new community without oppression or extortion. Japan sincerely believes that it is her duty to build a new Asiatic order in which the peoples of Asia will really enjoy freedom, independence, and peace.

The War of American Independence occurred when the people of thirteen states fought to be free from the oppression and extortion of the English

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king and sought to establish their own independent, self-governing life. The American Civil War originated in the desire to exterminate the slave system born of the thought that the whites had the right to enslave the blacks, and thus established the principle of the liberty of man. When the people of Cuba revolted in 1895, America's sympathies went to the natives, and the Spanish-American War secured their independence and freedom. America has had a number of Presidents who added glorious pages to their national history; some, as champions of justice, defended the weak against the strong; others even took up arms to free the weak from oppression. It is to be regretted, however, that the present President has of late been displaying a growing sympathy for the imperialist Powers. He has been taking sides with those countries which strive to maintain their vast empires built upon lands conquered by armed imperialism, and he even seems inclined to side with the destructive forces of Red imperialism.

Chancellor Bismarck once condemned American diplomacy as 'the brazen-faced and shameless Monroe Doctrine.' If America means to uphold this doctrine, she should not only expect others to respect it, but she herself should be willing to respect its basic principle. If America were to say that while she would not allow countries other than of the American continents to interfere with American continental affairs, she herself would have the right to interfere not only in the affairs of the American continents, but in any part of the world, she would be adopting an imperialistic course. Then American diplomacy might be true to Bismarck's characterization.

I am, however, of the opinion that the Monroe Doctrine became untenable, morally at least, in consequence of America's own actions. The first such action took place in the latter part of the nineteenth century when the United States went forth outside the American continent and thus broke the rule of 'Europe by countries of Europe and America by countries of the American continents.' This happened in 1867 when the American Navy took possession of Midway Island which lies some 1,200 miles to the northwest of Hawaii. In 1889, the United States, jointly with Britain and Germany, established a protectorate over the Samoan Islands. The revolutionary outbreak in Hawaii in 1893 furnished the United States with the opportunity to conclude the treaty of annexation with the Hawaiian Government. Then the Philippines and the Island of Guam came under American control as a result of the Spanish War. The last and most complete departure from the Monroe Doctrine was made in 1917, when President Wilson, determined 'to make the world safe for democracy,' brought the United States into the World War. By this break with the Monroe Doctrine, America hoped to win a new position in world politics. And now it is evident that President Roosevelt is advancing in the tracks of his predecessor.

Nevertheless, a new age calls for a new policy. I have no intention to take America to task for her attempt to depart from the Monroe Doctrine or for her attempt to construct for herself a new position in world politics. But when America strongly insists on her right to have a voice in some continent other than her own and yet

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tries to close the American continents to any people but their own, is this not a most glaring inconsistency? If the world policy of President Roosevelt is, as revealed in his note to Germany and Italy, based upon such a superficial view of the *status quo* and its maintenance; if his policy is to defend the imperialist countries which are the main cause of world insecurity and ignore the just demands of the oppressed races which propose to reconstruct the foundation of world peace on international justice; and if his idea is thus to intensify unnecessarily the general feeling of insecurity, he will only serve to widen the gulf between the group of imperialist Powers, which include America, and the group of anti-imperialist countries, a situation fraught with grave enough eventualities. In the not unlikely event of armed conflict between these two groups, President Roosevelt would have to answer before the bar of world history and enter the plea of guilty.

II. No Man's Land in Shanghai

By Friedrich Sieburg

Condensed from *Frankfurterzeitung*, German Nationalist-Socialist Daily

SHANGHAI has no flag, but it has a legend. It has no coat of arms, but a reputation. The legend of Shanghai is compounded of glory and disrepute, efficiency and brute force, achievement and blackmail. Although Shanghai is inhabited by good people and bad, just like any other capital, it is regarded as the embodiment of Sodom and Gomorra. Yet no more gin is consumed in Shanghai than in corresponding places in Piccadilly.

The underworld element seems to express the character of Shanghai better than its quite ordinary, respectable, and occasionally grandiose history. Why should that be so? It is because Shanghai, though it has many laws, is not law-abiding. It has many ordinances, but no order.

Shanghai became great at a time when Great Britain was still willing to protect as well as to increase the property she had acquired and requisitioned. With the decline of this policy, the tendency has been to leave the responsibility for Shanghai to an international board, originally created to give England as much influence and as little responsibility as possible. Thus there has been created, in addition to the relatively clear-cut French Concession, the dubious phenomenon called the International Settlement, today so greatly handicapped in its freedom of action.

The privileges which the Great Powers claimed for themselves in China in the course of the last century were based upon the reasonable assumption that the Chinese Government was neither able nor willing to grant effective protection to the life and property of foreigners. Thus, certain Chinese areas, while not actually ceded, were singled out and in practice withdrawn from Chinese jurisdiction. Shanghai was such an area. It was claimed by foreign business men on the basis of agreements with the local Chinese authorities, and was originally meant to remain free of

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Chinese. But as early as the Taiping Rebellion in 1853 more than 200,000 Chinese fled into the Settlement for protection. Today the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants in the International and the French Settlements consists of Chinese. That fact alone has for a long time seriously challenged the international character of Shanghai. In the course of the years one Chinese after the other was added to the City administration. At the same time the mixed courts have been replaced by purely Chinese courts.

II

A superficial glance at Shanghai's past shows the source of the present conflicts. The entire region, whether administered by the French Consul-General or by the City Council with its international membership, is still under the sovereignty and jurisdiction of the Chinese Government, since it was never formally ceded. The Japanese now are in the process of becoming the legal successors to the Chinese Government, particularly since they have already proclaimed a 'Reform Government' in Nanking. Thus their position in Shanghai is threefold. In the first place they constitute, next to the Americans and the British, a considerable part of the Settlement—almost 25,000; secondly, they regard themselves as the heirs of Chinese sovereignty; and finally they are at war with China and have occupied large parts of the City. The administration of Greater Shanghai was taken over by them as long ago as December, 1937, while in the International and French Settlements a shadowy Chinese sovereignty has continued to exist.

The most dangerous outgrowths of this sovereignty are the Chinese courts. Even in cases where such courts impose the death sentence on a terrorist because of an attempt on the life of a Japanese, the sentence can be carried out only after having been confirmed by the highest authority, namely, the Chungking Government. No wonder the Japanese have no confidence in this legal procedure, nor can they be expected to tolerate the formation of anti-Japanese parties, secret societies or other organizations within the Settlement. After all, since they are part of the administration, it is just as much their Settlement as that of the British, and it is clear that they don't like to see the celebration of patriotic festivals directed against themselves. Only a short while ago the City Council reduced the number of holidays, celebrated by the Kuomintang with flags and other manifestations, from thirty-six to eight. But even these eight occasions for manifestations against an important part of the Settlement, namely, Japan, must soon disappear, if the Japanese are not to resort to more drastic methods.

American Marines, Scotch riflemen and British infantry constantly tour Shanghai. Yet the city is helpless, for the troops are no more at the disposal of the City administration than the warships anchored outside on the Huang Pu. The employment of these forces can be ordered only by Washington or London. Political red tape has to be overcome in the White House or in Whitehall before the 'Fourth Marines,' the 'East Surrey,' or the 'Seaforth Highlanders' may open fire on the Bund, the railroad to Hangchow or at the Garden Bridge.

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The City administration has only a small body of volunteers at its disposal, the military significance of which is limited. Conditions in the French Settlement are considerably more favorable since the Consul-General, its absolute ruler, can at any time make use of Tongking soldiers, the tank detachments or the colonial infantry.

III

A resident of the skyscraper hotel, 'Broadway Mansions,' north of Soochow Creek, who is invited for dinner at the house of a friend in the western residential section, may experience on his trip of approximately six miles the paradox of Shanghai in all its details. First, he has to cross the Garden Bridge where the area of Japanese occupation ends. His Chinese chauffeur must show a passport and, his head bared, bow before the Japanese sentry. Along the Bund-Nanking Road and Weihaiwei Road, Chinese and Hindu policemen—blackbearded Sikhs in khaki-colored turbans—regulate the traffic with its innumerable cars, rickshas and pedestrians.

There follows the northern boundary line of the French Settlement, the Avenue Edward VII, by no means a Parisian boulevard as its name suggests, but a crowded Chinese slum street, dirty and dilapidated. At the crossing there stands, silent and threatening, a tank with the Gallic rooster stenciled in gold on its gray-blue steel, flanked by French infantrymen on motorcycles. Along the endless Avenue Foche with its hundreds of Russian stores, Annamite policemen in tropical helmets are posted.

The Haig Avenue represents the boundary line with the International district. Theoretically, the Chinese territory, which is under the jurisdiction of the Japanese-controlled City administration of 'Greater Shanghai,' begins here. Yet the International Settlement has extended and built up these streets further out and they have become the most popular residential streets of the City, creating the following situation: the street on which one is riding is under the jurisdiction of the International Police, yet the territory to the right and to the left is part of Greater Shanghai and is supervised by an additional police which is, in practice, under the control of the Japanese. This is in effect a challenge to burglars to ransack the houses and then to vanish into territory under another police authority. For that reason, the whole territory, which bears the name 'bad land,' is blocked off from the street by barbed wire. The inhabitants of the houses regard that as perfectly natural—in the whole of Shanghai barbed wire has become a household article.

If one happens to be invited to a home a few streets further on, on Keswick Road, for instance, one experiences the additional sensation of passing three barricaded sections one after the other. At the point where Keswick Road, Blockhill Avenue and Hungjao Road meet, the British and the French sections border on territory occupied by the Japanese, and on all sides sentries are posted. The British infantryman chats with the French colonial official, while the Japanese soldier looks on silently and severely through a mask which he wears over his face for supposed protection against the foul air.

A capital which lives in the midst of barbed wire, machine gun plat-

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forms and blown-up emplacements, as other cities live among lakes, forests and factories, is no longer capable of a normal existence, even though the people believe that they are living as they are accustomed to. Opening the morning paper and skimming through the columns, one reads with perfect calm that last night there has been shooting and kidnapping and plundering to the right and left of one's own house. In one single paper I have found the following items: Chinese Woman Spy Executed on Shanghai-Singpoo Highway by Guerrillas; Opium Dealer Shot by Burglars; Japanese Robbed of Eighteen Dollars by Six Armed Youths in Canton Road; Chinese Guerrilla Chief Arrested at Restaurant with Five Companions and Taken to Japanese Territory; Chinese Employee of Danish Telegraph Company Stabbed in Y. M. T. A. in Row over Ten Cents; Perpetrator Carried Pamphlets of Chinese League for Extermination of Traitors; Gambling Joint on Avenue Joffre Raided by Masked Burglars.

Gangsterism and political terror are merging more and more. The murderer of the Chinese telegraph employee belonged to an anti-Japanese secret society but was, as I heard later, merely the tool of two vengeful Chinese who had been dismissed by the victim for theft. They simply denounced him as pro-Japanese to the secret society. Such elements take advantage of the anti-Japanese agitation and lax authority of the Settlement administration. Not only has this lack of authority cost Shanghai its good reputation; it also threatens the present status of the Settlement. Shells and bombs are falling in increasing number while the Settlement lacks the strength to establish order and to fulfill the Japanese demand for the suppression of political terror. International Shanghai has surrendered its neutrality status. It has forfeited its political right to existence.

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Has Stalin really given up the idea of world revolution and embarked upon a purely nationalistic Russian policy?

Stalin's Triumph

By Alexander Kerensky

Translated from *Novaya Rossiya*, Paris Russian-Emigré Semi-Monthly

We must not be afraid of words. In his diplomatic contest with the 'so-called' Western democracies—England and France—Stalin thus far has achieved a triumph. To be perfectly frank, after what Russia has undergone since 1914 in her relations with the outside world, the spectacle of England appealing to Stalin satisfies our national self-esteem and assuages an ancient heartache. We know only too well and will never forget the true meaning of Stalinism in Russia, and yet we cannot—at least, I cannot—resist the temptation to forget at least momentarily its horror and see the dictator's bold actions as a sign that Russia is again taking her place as an empire of the first rank.

We still have time to understand the real reason for Stalin's political triumph and to see under what conditions our dream of a powerful, yet peaceful Russian policy can become a reality. What really happened? Why has Moscow suddenly emerged from her isolation, diplomatically speaking and become a mecca for Western pilgrims? Is it because last winter some profound reforms took place within Russia? Is it because Stalin is at last at one with the people, because concentration camps have disappeared and the military command is freed from Mekhlis's spying supervision? In short, is it because the whole totalitarian and terrorist dictatorship has collapsed?

Nothing of the sort. Everything remains the same and is even growing worse, for a new pogrom of the peasantry is under way and the Communist Politruks (political commissars) every day add to their power. What is happening is that the Western democratic empires, on the basis of their unhappy experiences over the past few years, have come to the conclusion that a strong Russia is a necessary part of international balance of power, and that without Russia they are almost surely incapable of halting the dynamic advance of the Axis nations. Following natural egotistic mo-

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tives, after guaranteeing the independence of Rumania and Poland, the Western Empires want to base their peace front on a U. S. S. R., that is well disposed toward them and ready to coöperate as far as possible. Taking the plausible view that the ultimate goal of German expansion is penetration into Russia by way of the Ukraine, the Black Sea and the Caucasus, Paris and London did not doubt that Moscow would immediately consent to their proposals and would undertake the rôle of guardian of Poland and Rumania in the rear.

But Stalin's idea was a different one. He realized, first, that Germany is pinioned for a long time in Central Europe and the Balkans and, secondly, that Poland's quarrel with Germany will postpone any acquisitive campaign in the Ukraine for a considerable time. In his eyes, Germany was not an immediate threat. So the situation was that, while the West, growing ever more nervous, was trying to fill the gap in its defense system, Moscow was ever more slow in assuming any responsibilities and, indeed, began raising the price of her collaboration. Without raising at this time the question of the purpose pursued by Stalin in his game with the West, we must give him his due and admit that he is playing his game of diplomatic poker most skillfully. However, one would be very unintelligent not to utilize the trumps which, for some unknown reason, Europe has given into the hands of the dictator. From the very beginning of the diplomatic negotiations among London, Paris and Moscow, the Western Powers had conceded the game—for leading statesmen and publicists of London and Paris shouted from the roof tops that without Russia's help, the peace front in Western Europe is worthless, a notion that became an obsession in the mind of the average Frenchman and Englishman. Every delay in the negotiations has called forth a storm of indignation, while any sign of objection on the part of Moscow has created something approaching a panic. Probably the 'war provocators' (as both Stalin and Molotov had termed Britain and France) had never before found themselves so helpless while carrying on diplomatic negotiations.

Foreign Commissar Molotov has said: 'In the united front of peace-loving Powers truly opposed to aggression, the Soviet Union must be given a prominent place.' It begins to look as if the Soviet Union will actually be given that place. The Anglo-French world policy will become the Anglo-French-Bolshevist world policy. Stalin's influence on the fate of Europe and the whole world will become much more direct in the near future, and then we will be faced with the question whether Stalin has actually renounced his world revolutionary policy and adopted a truly Russian nationalistic one.

II

No one can doubt that Stalin's adoption of the latter policy would be the beginning of a great internal liberation of Russia. It is obvious that the renunciation of a stake in the 'second imperialistic war'—to be exploited into a world class war which would culminate in a great Communist victory—such a renunciation would do away with any grounds for the continued existence of the proletarian, terrorist dictatorship in the country.

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Unless, however, one indulges in wishful thinking, no symptoms of such a change can be seen in the Kremlin's activities. Certainly Russians themselves know nothing of it. Of course, the country is permeated with a new nationalism, if you will, a purely Russian consciousness. And, of course, the mood of the masses is forcing their rulers to play at a pretense of democracy, by means of using democratic phraseology as much as possible. But actually, Stalin and his collaborators have kept their old sectarian Party views; they are still bent, not on the democratization of the dictatorship within the U. S. S. R., but on the Stalinist proletarianization of the Western world, steadily ripening toward war. Basseches (a well-known newspaper correspondent) writes that 'it would be most erroneous to suppose that the Soviet Government is less concerned with world revolution than it used to be. Neither change in tactics nor certain purely superficial changes should mislead us. World revolution was and remains the basic idea of the Soviet Union.'

For many years Stalin has been consistently repeating his revolutionary philosophy. The capitalistic system is decaying. The so-called democracy existing in the countries ruled by the capitalist bourgeoisie presents the first stage of the decay. The second stage is Fascism.

The Fascistization of the 'so-called democracies' marks positive progress for the Communists, for by destroying all the democratic forces Fascism prepares the people for ultimate conversion to the Communist system. But between the representatives of decaying capitalism—democracy and Fascism—there is a continuing struggle for raw materials and markets. This struggle must end in a new world war.

'Imperceptibly, the capitalist world is slipping into a new imperialistic war,' it was said in the Kremlin two years ago. This war began in 1938, Stalin and Voroshilov proclaimed publicly at the Eighteenth Congress of the Communist Party. Manuilski praised the brilliant foresight of the 'Leader of the people,' who had foretold the imminent catastrophe, and the preparedness of the advance guard of the world proletariat, firmly entrenched in the Kremlin, waiting for another opportunity to start Lenin's 'world conflagration.' That is the whole trouble; that the apparently purely Russian policy of Molotov, which had supposedly replaced Litvinov's 'revolutionary' and 'Genevan' policy, fits easily and logically as one of the maneuvers of Stalin's 'pre-War' policy. This also can be summed up in the famous advice given by Stalin to the organizers of intervention in Spain: 'Stay away from the artillery fire'—until the opposing forces of decaying capitalism are exhausted by conflict.

III

Can one really believe that these men who, in the name of their philosophy destroyed millions of Russian peasants and 'bourgeois,' did away with thousands of their followers and nearest collaborators, kept the whole enormous country in poverty for years and relentlessly decimated the army — that these men, on the eve of the second imperialistic war they have so long anticipated, suddenly desire to save the despised democracies?

Let us suppose that Molotov's speech really proclaims a new and

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strictly nationalist policy and, in consequence, is in complete contradiction to Stalin's speech at the Eighteenth Congress. To understand which one of the two speeches corresponds to the Kremlin's policy we must turn to facts. And here we immediately come up against a new act of Stalin and Molotov which shows that the present rulers of Russia are not thinking of national defense or defense of democracy, but rather of strengthening the Communist proletarian dictatorship by encouraging civil war and further enslavement of the peasantry. It is characteristic that the new pogrom of the peasantry is taking place during Stalin's most brilliant success among the Western democracies. We should like to bring this coincidence to the attention of those incorrigible idealists among us who are still repeating that Stalin's association with Western democracy will moderate the Russian terror. But now when the Western nations are, out of military necessity, in a particularly bad position to criticize the Kremlin's activities, the new process of peasant annihilation will be crowned with success. Hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, will be uprooted and sent to the factories, or to cultivate the Siberian plains. The peasant free market, to which the Kolkhozniks used to bring all kinds of products from their tiny plots, will disappear.

We still remember how, in the first years of the collectivization, the country, as afterward was admitted at the trials, was headed toward complete economic collapse — hence the plot in the army. When this feudal exploitation (Bucharin's words) became unbearable, the Kremlin, on the advice of the Far Eastern Marshal Bluecher, granted a concession. That is the situation today. The Kolkhoz serfs are allowed to own half a dessiatina (about one and a half acres) as well as two cows, a few pigs and some poultry. In three years the peasant and his individual wares have become master in the city markets.

But 'a free and prosperous village is the worst enemy of our proletarian dictatorship,' Trotsky had said, even before the original collectivization. Now Stalin, too, has become alarmed. The Kolkhozniks were beginning to outgrow the yoke. Even at the Eighteenth Congress of the Party there were ominous discussions about the 'pseudo-Kolkhozniks,' that is, those peasants who tried to escape feudal exploitation and give all their attention to their own plots of ground. Restrictive measures followed discussions. Henceforth, these acres will be taxed increasingly. The number of cattle and poultry permitted in the individual plots has been reduced and the holdings must be cut down to their original beggarly size. The number of compulsory work-days has been increased. In short, serf labor has increased at the expense of free peasant labor. The village again will be purged — that is the meaning of Stalin's request to send more labor to the factories. While other 'pseudo-Kolkhozniks' will be sent to settle Siberia where they are promised all the individual freedom of which the peasantry of European Russia is being deprived. What to think of these empire builders who, at the time of international crisis, destroy the provisioning base of the country and therefore of the army, and who fan the flame of hatred and defeatism in the ranks of the army, so closely tied by blood ties with the village?

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The old scheme of boring a tunnel under the English Channel is revived; a Hindu Scholar's novel scheme; and an experiment in 'hyperoptical vision.'

Miscellany

I. Dryshod under the Channel

By Baron Emile d'Erlanger

From the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London Conservative Daily

After many vicissitudes during the last century the Channel Tunnel project is once more to the fore. I have never wavered in my conviction that the tunnel should and would be built, but when the House of Commons rejected the scheme in 1930, I decided that it could not be revived in my lifetime. And I now ask myself, What will be the end of this new chapter in the history of a great scheme?

No doubt strategic considerations will claim first attention, now as in the past. In France military opinion has so far been unanimously in favor of the tunnel; Marshal Foch said that if it had existed in 1914 the war would not have taken place. In England military opinion has, to say the least, been divided since the Great War.

Since the strategical and tactical utility of the tunnel in case of war would depend on the ability to use it, approval of its construction would undoubtedly have to be made conditional on adequate defenses. Already the entrance to the tunnel has been made safe against any surprise attack by the prolongation of the Maginot Line to the French coast. The approaches on the English side would also have to be defended adequately.

In the last war, aerial warfare was in its infancy, but in any future struggle the skies above the Channel would be one of the most intensive fields of aerial warfare; ships crossing between France and England would be attractive targets. On the other hand, troops and material passing through the tunnel would be exposed to no such dangers after they had entered and until they had debouched, the danger to which they would be exposed being no greater than that to which

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they would be exposed while actually embarking or disembarking from ships.

Then again, a preponderating proportion of the revictualing of the United Kingdom has to be sea-borne. Ships carrying these vital supplies are at their start or arrival focused on a very small area, and in war time would be exposed to enormous risks, principally from aircraft but also from submarines. If the tunnel were in being, all the ports of the Atlantic coast of France would be available to British and allied ships for landing foodstuffs and other materials from overseas which could be carried directly into England by rail.

The necessity of having to blockade by submarines or aircraft the Atlantic coast of France, as well as England's coasts, would add immensely to the enemies' problems.

As to the engineering aspect, I have for over fifty years been associated with eminent engineers on both sides of the Channel who have studied this question. None of them entertained the slightest doubt as to the feasibility of driving the tunnel from shore to shore. Even some sixty years ago, over two miles of the tunnel had been driven under the Channel in the impervious chalk strata and could be visited until recent years, when the boring was allowed to fall into neglect to save the cost of upkeep.

Practically all these engineers believed in the desirability of driving a pilot tunnel first. At relatively small cost, this would put the feasibility of the project beyond the doubt of the most sceptical and would make it easier to find the money for making the main traffic tunnels. The pilot tunnel would be used subsequently as a drainage tunnel and, also, if a road as well as a railway track were built, for collecting and handling the carbon-monoxide gas emanating from car exhaust fumes.

II

If ever Nature has deliberately designed an ideal medium for tunneling and for the provision of quick and easy transport facilities underground, it exists in the strata underlying the Channel. In those early days when construction was begun, some 7,000 soundings were taken to test the strata on the Channel bed over a width of 9½ miles between Folkestone and St. Margaret's Bay, and between Wissant and Calais. Shafts were sunk on both sides of the Channel and a mile was driven on each side through the impervious gray chalk which exists between the two shores. Since those days the strata has been reconnoitred in a way which leaves no loophole for doubt as to the result to be obtained. From the engineering point of view there are no insuperable difficulties.

As to the mode of construction, we should proceed, to start with, on the original plan of 1882, as modified by the engineers' report to the Peacock Commission, either using the shafts that still exist on each side or putting down new ones to a depth of 100 ft. to 150 ft. From the bottom of these we would bore a pilot tunnel, 8 ft. to 12 ft. in diameter, straight across the Channel, a total distance of 24 miles, at a cost estimated at $25,000,000.

There are various theories as to what the procedure should be when the pilot tunnel is finished, and we are making the most careful study in order to ascertain which would be the

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best method. The best known theory, however, is the following: all along the pilot tunnel galleries would be made to enable work to be carried on simultaneously on several different faces on the two main traffic tunnels, each 18 ft. in diameter. When these tunnels were completed, the original pilot tunnel would probably be used as a drainage tunnel. To make this possible the pilot tunnel would be slightly convex, while the main tunnels would be slightly concave.

With the approaches it is calculated that the main tunnels will be 33 miles long and would take about four and a half years to construct. The pilot tunnel would have taken about two and a half years, making between six and a half and seven years in all.

Some tunnels have a double track all in one tunnel; others are twin tunnels of a smaller diameter. In our case twin tunnels would be better because they facilitate the working to a great extent, especially where the ventilation problem arises.

Some people are apprehensive about ventilation. Actually, engineers in some of the longest tunnels of the world, 9 to 12 miles long, first installed ventilating systems and then discarded them as the movement of the train itself through the tunnel pumps sufficient air in and out. We should, however, provide ventilation and only dispense with it if it was found unnecessary.

III

Turning now to the all-important matter of finance. In 1929–30 I held the firm conviction that both in England and in France the moneys could be raised for building the tunnel without State assistance. It was then estimated that £5,000,000 would be necessary for the pilot tunnel and a further £25,000,000 for the railway tunnels.

Conditions have altered so much since 1930 that it would now be out of the question to raise the moneys from the public, and the financing must be the concern of both Governments. A private bill to promote the building of the tunnel would, even if not opposed by the British Government, meet with the opposition of the railways, shipping companies and other transport interests, and would therefore be very costly to promote without certainty of success.

Secondly, I always counted on investors all over the Continent and the United States subscribing heavily to the shares of the respective English and French Tunnel Companies, but the incidence of double taxation, the restriction on the export of capital, the discredit into which all railway stocks have fallen in the United Kingdom as well as elsewhere, the policy of all Governments, no matter how heavy the risks originally incurred, to limit the profits of public utility concerns, let alone the high yields obtainable at present on industrial equities, have destroyed any reasonable hope of finding the capital for the tunnel scheme from private investors.

I believe that if the scheme is thoroughly investigated by the British and French Governments, they will agree that it would be a most important contributory factor to mutual security. The mere fact of an agreement between England and France to build it would have great moral effect. Several thousand million pounds are being spent on defence. Why should the two Governments hesitate to

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spend some £5,000,000 more to place beyond doubt the feasibility of the tunnel project, and up to £50,000,000 in all, spread over the next five to six years, if it will make peace for them better secured or facilitate their victory in case of war?

Nor must it be thought that I consider that the construction of the tunnel would entail an unprofitable capital expenditure in case of disarmament. A cessation of the armament race would be followed by a revival and expansion of international trade such as has never been witnessed.

Concurrently with the construction of the tunnel the interchange of passenger traffic between England and the Continent would receive an enormous impetus. I would be astonished indeed if, under such conditions, the passenger traffic, which now exceeds some 2,000,000 travelers a year, were not immediately doubled or trebled. The proportion of Continental travelers visiting England would undoubtedly show by far the greatest increase. Therefore, apart from the traffic through the tunnel affording a reasonable return upon the capital expended, the money spent by the Continental visitors in England would have a most important favorable bearing upon our balance of payments.

II. The University in Business

By Praphulla Chandra Ghose

From the *Modern Review*, Calcutta Nationalist Monthly

RECENTLY some industrial magnates and business experts responded to the invitation of Calcutta University and delivered a series of 'Career Lectures' intended to tackle the problem of unemployment among the educated. There can be no doubt that the educated unemployed, who either listened to those lectures, or read their reports in print in the newspapers, found them impressive.

I put forward one by one the few practical schemes developed at these lectures, which need the most serious consideration of the University authorities because, if put into effect, they are sure to bring about some relief in the situation without outside help and advice.

With its annually expanding income of several lacs a year from the fee-fund, sale of publications and the like, the University can very well start a fully equipped bank of its own with a nominal capital to begin with. By engaging the services of a few persons well trained in modern banking business, method and practice, on the contract-system, to be terminated when her own graduates have fully learned to manage the concern, it can, with their assistance, get dozens of its graduate students trained practically in all the different lines of modern banking. This batch of graduates will undergo the practical training for three years only on some reasonable subsistence allowance, to be replaced by another such batch who are specializing in banking in their university course, but need practical training in banking method and practice.

After their training is over, some from the first batch are to be absorbed

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into the various departments of the proposed bank, while the rest will be sent out into the world better fitted to hold their own than they could before without systematic practical training. Again, within the bank itself at least some dozens more of graduates, otherwise qualified, will find useful occupations in its various sections, besides provision in the subordinate situations for a large number of her undergraduates. The proposed bank will serve as the bank for the University itself, as well as for its numerous teachers' examiners, assistants and subordinates, and will further constitute the clearing-bank as far as external bank-transactions of her regular constituents will be concerned. The different Calcutta colleges, hotels and licensed messes will be naturally attracted to become the clientele of the University bank by reason of their interallied interests.

The University may likewise establish a coöperative store on a very big scale under its aegis, enlisting for that purpose assistants, teachers, students and domestics, and open lines of the various necessaries and articles of luxuries, selling them at reasonable profit, allowing liberal concessions to the members and on all cash sales. A spirit of loyalty to the Alma Mater, a deep concern for the welfare of the educated unemployed, a genuine feeling of coöperation and a sincere desire to accomplish things ought to be enough to run the various departments of the coöperative stores which will, on the one hand, provide employment to scores of educated unemployed and, on the other, give them practical instruction in the method and practice of running coöperative institutions.

In these days when the insurance business is flourishing, the University can with reasonable prospect of success start an insurance department of its own, covering risk of life, theft, fire and success in examinations as well as bonding of prospective employees. In that event quite a number of the graduates will find employment in the various sections of that department, while receiving practical training in the different lines of insurance business hitherto denied to them by any of the existing companies. The premium to be received will feed the department ultimately, besides bringing a decent income for its gradual expansion. All moneys at the credit of this department are to be kept in the University Bank.

Whether there exists any statutory bar to the University undertaking banking business with a portion of its own income is not quite known. But in case there does exist any such hindrance, the University can satisfy the Government that the running of the bank as an annex to the University will not only forthwith solve to some extent the problem of unemployment among the educated classes, but will also constitute a veritable practical field where banking, accounting, auditing, bookkeeping and business correspondence, etc., will be learned practically by the ex-graduates and would-be graduates under the aegis of their alma mater. The Government can then have no reasonable objection to give its sanction to such a scheme for purely academical interests. The opening of the insurance side likewise will not only afford an opportunity to the vast number of her employees to take due advantage of it at their own doors but will also form the principal training-ground for a large number

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of the University students to learn the many aspects of modern insurance business. The establishment of co-operative stores cannot be expected to present any sort of obstacle inasmuch as such stores have been opened in numerous places by Government employees and carried on under indirect Government control with good results.

The University need have no scruple or hesitation to engage in business of the sort proposed, as it is already committed to purely business undertakings by the printing and publication of the courses of studies, text-books and lectures and by carrying on a systematic growing trade in them. In this case it is required to come to grips with the pressing problem of unemployment and give up its attitude of old academic indifference to such matters as unbecoming a University.

III. Seeing Without Eyes

By Pierre Devaux

Translated from *Gringoire*, Paris Conservative Weekly

'Eyeless vision,' signifying vision by a person whose eyes are tightly bandaged or who is hidden behind a screen, is not entirely a new thing. M. Henri Pieron, professor of the physiology of the senses at the Collège de France, admits that this 'hyperoptical vision' has been described four or five times in the past century; M. Emile Boirac, a classical scholar and dean of faculty at Dijon, has devoted much study to the subject.

But it is a famous writer, M. Jules Romains, who has the credit for bringing eyeless vision into the field of scientific experiment. His experiments were conducted as follows:—

The subject—a woman—was first slightly hypnotized, into a state intermediate between a deep trance and the waking state, and in this condition her eyes were carefully bandaged. Her attention was then drawn to objects held at a short distance from her body—opposite to certain sensitive areas of the skin. After some practice she gradually developed an ability to describe the shape and color of the objects, and, while the power was sometimes very weak, it was at other times so complete that she was able to read the titles of articles in a magazine. The bandaging of the eyes was very complete and tight; several layers of material were bound round her eyes and a black bag placed over the whole head, and 'spectacles' of lead were placed on top of the bandage to preclude the possibility of the transmission of X-rays or cosmic rays.

The possibility of telepathy was also excluded—by the operator placing himself in a dark booth, tearing a leaf at random out of a calendar, sliding it in the dark into a photographic printing frame, and holding this up to the subject with the back toward her.

Another test was to place a playing card in a box open on one side and hold it up to the subject at eye-level. It was absolutely impossible for her to see the card lying in the bottom of the box; the only part of her that could 'see' it was her forehead. Neverthe-

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less, the card was correctly named.

What can the scientific explanation of this extraordinary eyeless vision be? M. Jules Romains believes that the explanation lies in certain eye-like nerve-cells which the microscope has revealed in the skin. These *ocelli* are like eyes—but of microscopic size—scattered near the skin surface under a thin translucent layer of the epidermis.

Each consists of a large cell more translucent than neighboring ones, the equivalent of the lens of the eye; a nerve-film resembling the retina; and a nerve-fibre corresponding to the optic nerve. Ranvier, who described these *ocelli* in detail, assumed that they were the organs of touch; but the eye itself, though constructed for seeing, is also ultra-sensitive to touch. These transparent *ocelli* might well transmit a magnified image of external objects to the nerve ending just beneath them, which may transmit it in turn to the brain.

The human body is known to possess groups of *ocelli* placed in certain special areas of the skin—for instance, at the edges of the nostrils and finger-tips—which may help to form our general concept of an object, in the same way as the thousands of light-impressions received by the multitudinous cells of the retina combine to form one image.

Think, too, of the composite eye of the insect—consisting of a vast number of facets each with its nerve ending. No single facet can produce an image; yet the insect sees clearly everything around it. This proves that a great number of rudimentary eyes united by their individual nerves can take the place of a single highly developed eye; it is still more striking when we learn that the *ocelli* at our finger-tips are grouped in the same way as the facets of the insect's composite eye.

May it be possible to develop this 'second' sight in blind people to replace their lost vision? Experiments so far conducted with war-blinded soldiers have not produced very hopeful results. But we may hope that scientists will unite on further study so that the blessing of sight may some day be in slight measure restored to the blind.

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THE AMERICAN SCENE

ACCORDING to Dr. Henry F. Helmholtz, President of the American Academy of Pediatrics, the birth rate at present 'is the lowest in the history of our country.' This shrinkage in population has been especially severe since 1930, so that by the end of 1940 the decennial increase will probably have been the lowest since 1850–1860. Instead of an estimated additional 13,000,000 of population, there will be only an additional 8,500,000. At present nearly 60 per cent of American families have no children whatever, while only 10 per cent have more than two children. The death rate, it is true, has declined to 11 per thousand, or 6 per thousand below the birth rate. In time, however, it is bound to meet the birth rate, for a large number of older people will soon begin to die.

Meanwhile, the ordinary processes of business enterprise have been thrown out of kilter. Since 1928, the top year in infant population, the production of all children's goods—baby carriages, toys, wearables, and medical supplies—has gone down sharply, and so has the production of all such auxiliary goods as school buildings, furniture, and books. The heavy industries behind these goods have naturally also suffered, and their decline has not been counterbalanced by the needs of the larger number of oldsters, whose demands diminish with the years.

In a decade or two, when the death rate among mature men and women will increase and even the declining birth rate will over-reach the lag in infants' industries, there will have to be a readjustment, and industry will enjoy another boom—for how long no one can say. One factor may throw all this reasoning completely out. During the past two years it has become smart to have children. Movie stars are raising families, and what movie stars do, ordinary folk, in the long run, will also do. How long this new phenomenon will operate, it is difficult to say. One thing seems certain, however. The aforementioned phenomenon cannot last long unless the cost of childbirth is drastically reduced. Few couples can afford the apparent minimum of $500 it takes to bring a baby into the world. Perhaps the coöperative medicine movement will get around to doing something about this.

AT THE last convention of the American Bar Association, held in San Francisco, a New York attorney urged the establishment in all large urban centers of Hyde Parks, where almost anybody could get up—as in the London Hyde Park—and say pretty nearly anything. Something like this has already been established in Mayor Hague's Jersey City, thanks to the denunciation of him by the United States Supreme Court. One hopes that many other cities will follow suit. Nothing could be more democratic, and nothing could do more good. The desire to gabble freely seems to be almost as powerful as an instinct, but few people ever get the chance to exercise it. Only a handful

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have enough money to set up newspapers, and not many more get the opportunity to speak over the radio. So they are forced to wrangle with their wives and friends—or to join secret societies.

In a place set aside for public gabbing, every man and woman could talk to his heart's content—and be applauded or ridiculed. Most stupid and vicious ideas are instantly recognized by the common man once they are presented without the trappings of secrecy and once he is given the right to answer back. As Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes said in 1920 in his argument opposing the expulsion of Socialist Assemblymen from the New York Legislature: 'Hyde Park meetings and soap box oratory constitute the most efficient safety valve against resort by the discontented to physical force.'

EARLY next fall the Temporary National Economic (Monopoly) Committee will conduct the most intensive hearings on insurance in the history of the nation. The newspapers will probably give these hearings as little space as they gave the initial hearings which ended only the other day. But one cannot insist too strongly on their importance. A preliminary report of the Committee—which the daily press mentioned but cursorily—says:—

'Legal reserve life insurance companies have absorbed more and more of the country's savings. In 1937 the assets of these companies exceeded by almost $10,000,000,000 the combined assets of savings bank and loan associations in this country, and are far greater than the savings deposits in state and national commercial banks. In fact, while the population has doubled since 1890, life insurance assets have been multiplied twenty-five times. So great have the assets become that industry and government discover themselves increasingly dependent upon life insurance companies for essential financing. To illustrate, as of December 31, 1938, the forty-nine largest legal reserve life insurance companies owned 11 per cent of the direct and guaranteed debt of the United States Government; 9.9 per cent of all state, city, municipal, and political subdivisional debt; 22.9 per cent of all railroad bonds; 22 per cent of the entire public utility debt; 15 per cent of the industrial debt; 11 per cent of all farm mortgages; and 14 per cent of all city mortgages.'

The insurance magazines have been full of articles and editorials about the Monopoly Committee, stating more or less openly that the companies had better mend their ways if they wanted their business—the largest in the country—to escape complete nationalization. Yet the newspapers and even the liberal periodicals have largely ignored the entire matter.

THE death of J. E. Spingarn removes from the contemporary American scene one of the two literary critics of enduring size. Though he had not practiced criticism for more than a decade, his influence was deeply felt, and no doubt will continue to be felt for a long, long time. Next to Van Wyck Brooks he did more than anybody else to give life to an art which, until his day, could boast of no one worthy of much serious attention. He was a rare phenomenon in American criticism, where so many pass judgment and so few know whereof they speak, or can write tolerable English.

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He possessed a large fund of information about world literature, he had a fine feeling for the literary impulse and could spot a fraud several miles away, and he wrote vigorously. With no moral, religious, racial, or economic axe to grind, he hunted out those with genuine talent and placed them in the historical scheme of things. Perhaps he saw more in Croce than there actually was, but what moved him in the Italian philosopher was something true and good and beautiful. He never succumbed to the plague of smartness or to the more virulent plague of boastful ignorance. He wrote out of the integrity of his own soul and the plenitude of his learning, and always had something illuminating to say. Honest men and women in the literary world will miss him.

A SURVEY by the American Institute of Public Opinion reveals that four out of ten voters don't know how to define a liberal or radical, while the other six give definitions that vary greatly. This need surprise no one, for strange developments have taken place. Some men and women who call themselves liberals and radicals have become such vociferous jingoes that they make the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge look like a dove of peace in retrospect.

If the kindly Eugene V. Debs were alive today, he would probably find himself ridiculed by a large element among the Communists and liberals as a rank isolationist, a softy, an otherworldly fanatic. They would especially find fault with his argument that British and French 'democracy' is not worth one American soldier's life, and that America could best serve humanity by minding her own business. On the other hand, he would be pleasantly surprised by the attitude of such an organ as the *Saturday Evening Post*, which, at least in part, advocates a foreign policy not much different from the one he advocated in 1917, namely, to hell with Europe and its conflicting banditries.

In the liberal-radical world, careful men and women find it more and more difficult to hold on to their integrity and keep all their old friends at the same time.

THE closing of the Federal Theatre Project has revived discussion of a Federally supported series of art enterprises, not only in the drama, but in music, painting and the dance. Even so conservative a commentator as Mark Sullivan has looked favorably upon this idea, calling it 'a reasonable and practicable suggestion,' and citing the salubrious experiences of the European countries in this connection.

The amount of money to be spent on such projects would be far less than the Government spends every year in doles—never repaid—to business. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation, according to its latest report, stands to lose about $10,000,000 in 'bad loans.' For one-tenth this amount of money, the Government could put on about 50 good dramatic productions, giving employment to thousands of people, and pleasure to millions. The Federal Theatre shows did so well financially that the chances are that the $1,000,000 thus invested would, in the long run, earn a handsome return. And what would be true of a Federally subsidized theatre would be even more true of Federally subsidized orchestras, dancing groups, and painting

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guilds, for they cost far less and involve smaller risks.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON'S three-volume *Main Currents in American Thought* has been reissued in one volume. One hopes for it a large sale, especially in universities and colleges, where American history and literature, on the whole, still suffer the ignominy of very few courses and the poorest professors. More than anybody else in our time Dr. Parrington added size and dignity to the study of our own institutions and culture. His books, especially those dealing with the years 1620–1860, brought together critically all the varied riches of our intellectual and artistic life, placing them properly in world history. Never again will provincial professors at Harvard, or Wooster, or Colgate or Pennsylvania State find it smart to belittle our own annals as compared to those of Holland or Belgium or England. Dr. Parrington made such condescension forever after ridiculous.

Unfortunately his excursions in the realm of literary criticism left much to be desired. He inclined to take the traditional judgments for granted, and in his last volume, dealing with recent times, he didn't seem to be able to make up his mind as to the positions of Sinclair Lewis, Dreiser, O'Neill, and Hemingway. The purely literary impulse baffled him, and evaluating it sent him into strange enthusiasms and condemnations, though he looked in the right direction for the stuff that makes for literature, never succumbing to the academic snobbishness of ignoring contemporaries. An apostle of democracy, he practiced it in his critical and historical writings, often with great success, always with the highest scholarly integrity. His death ten years ago deprived the country of its only major cultural historian.

THE financial pages of the *New York Times* recently gave much space to the suggestion of a New Yorker, Dr. G. A. Dommisse, made in his book, *The Regulation of Retail Trade Competition—An Economic Approach*, to the effect that prospective retail merchants hereafter be made to go through a compulsory examination 'in order to prevent incompetent people from committing economic suicide by engaging in a vocation for which they are unfit.'

The good doctor must have been fooling. Isn't it the inalienable right of every American to commit economic suicide in any way he chooses without interference from the government or any of its Fascist-Communist bureaus? Besides, isn't sheer luck an important ingredient of nearly every retail business—and how can one be examined for one's susceptibility to good fortune? What rational person would have seen any sense in the first suggestion made in American history that free, literate men and women would stop on their way to work or to lunch for a five-cent drink of phony orange juice or even phonier cocoanut juice? Yet that preposterous notion is behind an enterprise doing millions of dollars worth of business every year. Dr. Dommisse's suggestion would therefore seem to be grossly un-American. But, of course, he must have meant it as a joke.

—C. A.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Quips from Italy

Two Italians meet on the street.

'How are you?'

'Thanks, better.'

'???'

'Better than next year, of course.'

—*Ordre*, Paris

It is well-known that Mussolini is fond of arranging contests among his Ministers. Recently he arranged one in which the stupidest Minister was to win. Who won? Achille Starace. Why? He said that Alfieri was intelligent.

An Italian who heard this joke was indignant, and said:—

'How can you talk about Starace in this manner? Don't you know that he was a child prodigy?'

'No, really?'

'Certainly. When he was three, he was as intelligent as he is today.'

—*Cri de Paris*

A few weeks ago, the drinking of coffee became an offense in Italy. People asked, 'Why has coffee been prohibited?' The answer is: 'So the Italians won't wake up.'

—*Cyrano*, Paris

A foreigner asked for butter at a restaurant. When he tried it, he pulled a face, and exclaimed: 'Now I know why you prefer cannons!'

—*Pariser Tageszeitung*

This is one of the more bitter Roman pasquinades that are again coming into vogue.

'Invaded by Germans, isolated from the rest of the world, exhausted by armaments race, we are in a dreadful situation. There is only one person in the world who can save us: Mussolini's widow.'

—*Europe Nouvelle*, Paris

Latest Italian *bon mot:* If we had half as much to eat, as we have to swallow, we would lead a marvellous life.

—*Neue Zürcher Zeitung*

Behind the Times

At a hearing in a criminal court in Czestochowa, Poland, a young boy in the dock was being tested as to his mental powers. The magistrate said to him: 'How many States are there in Europe?' The boy's counsel got up and, turning to the magistrate, said: 'Sir, my client hasn't yet had time to read the morning papers and can't, therefore, give a reliable reply.'

—*Japan Chronicle*, Kobe

The Best Cure

There are many alleged cures for sea-sickness. It has been left to a refugee from Germany to discover the panacea for homesickness.

Recently the purser of a British liner had to visit the cabin of a refugee. On the table was a photograph of Herr Hitler.

'Gosh,' said the purser. 'What are you, a refugee, doing with the Führer's portrait?'

'Ah,' said the refugee, 'it's a wrench to leave one's home. I keep that picture as an antidote to homesickness.'

—The *Evening Standard*, London

Proud Possessors

Two Czechs were strolling one evening in the streets of Prague discussing current events.

After furtively glancing around to insure not being overheard, the one said to his companion: 'Who would have thought twelve months ago that Memel would belong to us?'

—The *Financial Times*, London

Explosive Soldier

During the war in Spain a young soldier was brought back from the front suffering from a wound in the shoulder. Cheerfully, the victim declared that no one had ever received a wound quite like his own, and when the doctors questioned him, he declared that he had in his shoulder a shell from a two-inch quick-firer, and that it had not yet exploded.

The doctors examined the wound, and probed the shoulder. Suddenly they felt the projectile taking shape under their fingers, and found that it seemed, indeed, intact and still loaded with its fuse.

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Next morning the soldier was laid out on the operating table, and a surgeon opened the wound to extract the shell. But as soon as the shoulder had been laid bare it was seen that, before anything could be done, it would be necessary to unload the shell. An artillery lieutenant was called in, and with the utmost caution extracted the dangerous fuse. Then the artilleryman gave place to the surgeon, who drew out the case of the shell.

—*Paris-Soir*

What He Really Meant. . . .

This joke became current after the Arita-Craigie agreement:

'I have just come from seeing Mr. Chamberlain,' said a journalist. 'And he is a different man. Do you know what he told me? He said: "No more concessions!"'

'Idiot,' retorted his more skeptical colleague. 'He meant no more British concessions in China!'

—*Regards*, Paris

A Spinster Story

An elderly English spinster on the Blue Train found herself sharing a compartment with a Scotsman who, like a perfect gentleman, allowed the lady to take the lower bunk. To the lady's indignation, however, no sooner had they settled down for the night than from the top bunk came resounding snores. Unable to stand the strain, she picked up a shoe and rapped smartly on the side of the upper bunk. The snoring continued. She rapped again. More snores. She rapped again harder.

The snores ceased abruptly. A tousled head appeared over the side of the top bunk. Said a voice, 'All richt! I heard ye the first time—but I'm no coomin' doon.'

—*Pearson's Magazine*, London

Last Wish

An anti-Fascist, condemned to the firing squad, was asked if he wanted anything before he died. Said he, 'I would like to join the Fascists!' Before he was put against the wall the officer in charge had to satisfy his curiosity. 'Why,' he asked the doomed man, 'did you finally come to take up such a splendid attitude?'

'Oh, I just thought it would be pleasant to think that when you shot me there would be one Fascist less in the world!'

—*News Review*, London

Lifer

Possibly apocryphal, but good, is the remark said to have been made in India recently by Schacht, Reichsbank ex-chief.

'What is it like being a German,' they asked him, 'after Austria, after Czecho-Slovakia, after Memel?'

'It doesn't make much difference,' he said. 'It's like a man who's in jail for life hearing they've added a new wing to the building.'

—The *Daily Herald*, London

. . . Optimism

A saying that is going about in underground Germany just now:

Question: What is misfortune?

Answer: To be a Jew in 1939. To be a soldier in 1940. To be a German in 1941.

—*Time and Tide*, London

Elegant Fiction

'My good man,' asked the lady of the house, 'how did you come to fall so low as to go round the country begging?'

'It's a long story, ma'm,' came the vagrant's reply, 'and it's in the hands of my publishers. I'm just walking to Dublin to correct the proofs.'

—*Roscommon Herald*

Travelogue

How many miles to Moscow?
Many many more.
Shall we get there and back again?
Not before the war.

—*Time and Tide*, London

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

How to Look at Pictures

By Frederick Laws

From the *News-Chronicle*, London

THE fear of art is a disease produced by eagerness to display good taste mixed with a suspicion that somebody may take advantage of one's ignorance. People have come to feel that pictures should have a resident lecturer beside them to guarantee that they are good and explain exactly why. Rather than risk looking at pictures, they prefer to talk at them.

Now, art-phobia can be cured by a few simple exercises. First of all, forget everything you have ever been told about Art with a capital A. Next shut your mouth and open your eyes. And if you don't like what you see, keep your mouth shut and go and look at something else.

It is unusual for adults to use their eyes properly. To a child things seen are always new and surprising. A kitchen chair can be a vision—something to stare at and to dream about. An artist can keep that freshness of sight and put that vision on to canvas. To the ordinary person chairs are invisible; they are things to sit on, not to look at. Van Gogh's discovery that an inexpensive, inartistic chair can be fascinating and beautiful is a shock to people who normally wear blinkers.

There are two ways of dealing with people who see visions. One is to decide that the visions are not really there and that the people are mad or drunk, and the other is to treat the seer with honor and be grateful for a chance to look through his eyes. The classic retort of the artist to the lady who complained that she never saw the subject of his picture looking like *that*, is final and unanswerable: 'No, madam, but don't you wish you could?'

Painters admittedly are difficult people. They use their own special languages of paint for reporting their visions, and as soon as the folks outside invent grammars for explaining the vision away they change the code. They cannot explain themselves in words ending in 'ism,' and what is more, they won't. There is no short phrase book which will make pictures talk intelligibly to you. You have to know the language of the eye as a child knows it, or remain silent and puzzled. You cannot look at pictures through the spectacles of Books About Art.

Modern painting is difficult to see because the last generation but one of painters forgot their job in an attempt to make art respectable and fashionable among the blind. The Victorian painter gave the public what it wanted, and what it wanted had nothing to do with art. We came to expect a queer thing called Realism or the Imitation of Nature, a stereotyped prettiness, and a high moral tone. Our expectations are still satisfied at the Royal Academy. But there is a growing suspicion that the Academy is a dreary museum of fake antiques. There have been a number of painters who were mainly interested in the odd things light can do to shape and color. They called themselves impressionists, and after some eighty years we are beginning to tolerate them.

Out of the mass of movements and theories some things have become clear. Artists are not tame sensitized plates in one-eyed boxes. Painting has never had any truck with the brand of truth favored by photography. Pictures which tell a story or point a moral are under suspicion. Their subject and their argument may conceal dullness of vision or cheapness of design.

In order to 'understand' modern painting, the best way is to try to paint yourself. The next best way is to look at a

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great many pictures humbly, silently and in search of pleasure.

Look at what you like until it bores you. Good taste is largely a matter of being bored by rubbish and everyone has to grow out of liking rubbish. Everyone, too, has his own particular blind spots, so don't worry about being bored by Raphael or Renoir if there are one or two painters whose work you whole-heartedly enjoy. The connoisseur is a person who knows what he likes, and can distantly admire or ignore what he doesn't.

WAGNERDÄMMERUNG?

From *Time and Tide*, London

FOR many years now we have been warned that a reaction was due against the more extreme forms of the Wagner cult. Even in Germany the composer has lost ground, and that despite the public homage of the Führer. His place in the statistics of opera performances has receded before the increased attention given to the Italians. In the musical world generally there has developed a tendency to look beyond the nineteenth century to the eighteenth, to Mozart, Bach and Handel, and to earlier masters, but the opinions held by the musical vanguard percolate slowly, if at all, among our public, where this trend is not yet felt. When W. J. Turner raises his voice against Wagnerian tyranny, it is amiably regarded as an idiosyncrasy comparable with the inability to endure cats in the room or to partake of certain foods with impunity.

Two months ago I would have said that there were no signs of any such reaction in England. I am still inclined to take that view, but with less confidence. There has been, this season, only one cycle of the *Ring*, and it was conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. Yet there were some empty seats at each performance. That there were also some for *Tristan* is less significant as it was given more than once, but that the *Ring* audience should have dwindled, even temporarily, to a point where it did not fill Covent Garden came as a surprise, and set one reflecting on possible causes.

One of these, and probably the principal one, is the public disquiet, the state of undeclared war, of suspense, in which we find ourselves. Although the same cause offers little enough inducement to thrift, undoubtedly many people are less inclined than usual to spend money on such costly luxuries as a *Ring* cycle at Covent Garden. That the same people applied for five times as many Toscanini tickets as were available is no argument, for they were much less expensive, and the concerts were exceptional whereas the *Ring* may have been regarded as part of the Covent Garden routine. Undoubtedly the feeling of crisis accounts for some of the absentees. But comments overheard during the cycle and since reveal other causes at work.

Chief among these is a waning of interest in the stage. It is in fact generally agreed that interest in this cycle was almost entirely absorbed by Sir Thomas and his orchestra. They supplied all the glamour. Looking over the cast of the four music-dramas one finds everywhere accomplishment worthy of respect, but not of the kind to arouse enthusiasm and, at this stage of Wagner's posthumous fame, only enthusiasm will prevail against the foreshadowed reaction. If the orchestra becomes the main attraction a time will come when the question will be asked whether the stage is indispensable.

Other causes that may account for some of the absentees and the evident reluctance of new recruits are: the accelerated tempo of life generally, which accommodates itself less willingly to slow-motion opera than it did in the eighties; an affected, *surtout-pas-de-zèle* attitude that makes the prospect of listening, immobile, in darkness and in silence to over fourteen hours of serious music too appalling for some of our young people to contemplate.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

England, Meet America!

By Harold J. Laski

From *Time and Tide*, London

It was, I think, a justified irony which made an eminent American the other day thank the King and Queen for having persuaded their people to make the United States 'news.' We are not only not interested in American politics and life but we are complacent about our lack of interest. American history and politics have no status in our schools, and arouses little attention even in those universities where it has been given a status.

We know very little about American institutions; a distinguished judge, the other day, learned with surprise that the nine judges of the U. S. Supreme Court sit collectively to hear their cases. American news is very slightly represented in our press. The situation there is largely judged from the films, from *Time*—an understanding of which depends upon a considerable initiation into American affairs—the prejudiced financial sheets which circulate in the city and the contacts between the upper classes of perhaps half a dozen cities in both countries. There is neither real knowledge nor perspective of American affairs.

It is a lamentable position, and not merely because of the pivotal importance of Anglo-American understanding. It is lamentable because American history and politics are subjects supremely worthy of study, with a great literature connected with them. It is lamentable because ignorance continues to breed that 'certain condescension' to Americans in our people of which James Russell Lowell wrote indignantly some sixty years ago. Americans, moreover, are profoundly interested in us. The amount of interest in the working and personalities of our politics from one coast to the other is extraordinary.

You can find six or seven hundred people, and not merely in New York, but in Seattle or San Francisco or Cleveland, to listen eagerly to a discussion of the British situation. You will find them eager, avid for information, well-informed. But it is a one-way traffic. You could not find six hundred people in Manchester or Birmingham or Newcastle to listen to a lecture on American politics, still less to show signs of understanding the inwardness of their problems. An occasional dinner at the Pilgrims, or a reception at the English Speaking Union does not compensate for the remarkable absence of any well-informed public opinion about America.

The harm this does is great, even if it is subtle rather than obvious. It not only confirms us in an insularity which is now outmoded. It keeps us ignorant of important experiments. For every Englishman who has heard of the really great work done by Mr. Robert Moses for the parks and highways of New York City, there are a hundred with some vague idea of Tammany's corruption. How many civil servants in the Ministry of Transport, even, could explain that remarkable experiment in the Tennessee Valley? Or the dam at Grand Coulee? Or the fascinating projects in the theatre and painting and literature carried out under WPA?

How many of our lawyers are aware that the Law Schools of Harvard, Yale, Chicago, Indiana, California are years ahead, both in methods and standards, of any university law school in England? There is, at the moment, more solid achievement in American literature than anything we have here; our attitude to it has, for the most part, a slightly patronizing air. The President apart, there is little real information in England about any of the major figures in American poli-

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tics. How many Englishmen, for example, could give any details about the career of Senator Norris? Yet he occupies a place not unlike that which John Bright occupied in our political life at the height of his powers.

OUR habit is to take for granted our right to American sympathy and understanding without any effort to earn it. That was painfully true, for example, in the discussion about the debts; even the Prime Minister was guilty of a sneer about the Middle West some years ago which has not yet been forgiven. Our people, even our politicians, know little about the grave complexities which enter into the problem of American neutrality. Our business men seem unaware of the devastating effect produced upon American opinion by the agreement at Düsseldorf between the F.B.I. and German manufacturers. The whole assumption of our intercourse with the United States is that we have nothing to learn and everything to teach. The assumption is fantastically wrong.

In education, in scholarship, in the relations between industry and science, in many aspects of the technique of production, in the art of salesmanship, in hotel-keeping and some of the incidents of railway travel, we could learn a good deal from America. I think that there is a quality of democracy in their social relationships we have not yet begun even to understand. We have no newspaper which, from the angle of news only, compares with the *New York Times* or the *Herald-Tribune*.

I think the *Manchester Guardian* is still outstanding in both countries for the quality and fairness of its comment on the news. But the *Springfield Republican*, the *Emporia Gazette*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *Star* are, taken all in all, only just behind the *Guardian*. The exhilarating quality of the New York theatre is known to every trans-Atlantic visitor. In the planning of schools, in the development of post-graduate research, in the study of legal institutions and their operation, Americans have much to teach us. Is it not time that we became interested enough to learn?

It is time that we ceased to be superior about a civilization so powerful and so exhilarating—a civilization, it is worth adding, whose President today happens to be the main symbol of the hope of our kind of democracy for the whole Western world. But the way to understand America is to study America, and to study it with the vital recognition that it is emphatically not a colony but a foreign nation. We have just made an important gesture to its people through the visit of the King and Queen. I should like to see that visit used as the basis for a far wider grasp of American civilization than any we now have.

And such a grasp must begin in the schools and colleges. We must make it understood that it is as natural and important for that to be conveyed as it is to study the civilization of Greece and Rome. At present there are, I think, only four universities in Great Britain in which the study of American history and institutions has any serious place; and even there it attracts very few students, because it leads nowhere. The Rhodes Scholarships apart, we have no organized system for attracting American students to our institutions of higher learning. No English foundation has done for American universities anything equivalent to what the Rockefeller Foundation has done for this country.

If a Lord Nuffield wanted a suitable object of generosity he could not do a more creative thing than establish a score of fellowships for Americans at British universities. I know, from my own knowledge, of many students in the West and the Middle-West and the South who would give a great deal for the chance of a year or two years of study in Great Britain.

They are accustomed in the United

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States to working their way through. Here, they have no such opportunity. And, for most of them, a Rhodes Scholarship is not wholly suitable, partly because their needs are different from those Oxford sets out to supply, and, partly, because they cannot afford three years' absence from America. Twenty such fellowships of three hundred pounds a year each would transform the whole basis of Anglo-American academic relations, and, in time, it would do much more than that.

BUT I would like to see the intellectual interchange between Great Britain and the United States go on at a much higher level than it does at present. Few British universities have even seen some of the figures whose names are household words among American students—Charles Beard, Carl Becker, Thomas Reed Powell, to name three only of the most outstanding.

There are some chairs of American history in Great Britain. But since it is not a school subject, and since it is unlikely to lead afterwards to an academic post, it is not a specialism that at present exercises any great attraction. Outside London and Aberystwyth, indeed, little attention is given to American experience in politics—immensely valuable though the analysis of that experience is.

It is symptomatic of the position that it is extraordinarily difficult to persuade a publisher to take a history of America on this side, even when it is of classical quality. It is even true, I think, to say that most of the books we read on American history are either out of date, like Lord Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, or written, as it were, from the outside, like Oliver's *Hamilton*, or Lord Charnwood's *Lincoln*. Only a handful of scholars in England know Parrington's *Main Currents of American Thought*—one of the most brilliant contributions of our time to intellectual history; I am not sure that it even found an English publisher. Yet if we had a similar book on England it would be read widely in every American university worthy of the name.

Indeed, the depth of interest Americans display for our institutions and habits is remarkable. On the civil service, the judicial system, social insurance, the public corporation, the financial system, there is hardly a center of research in which these topics do not engage minute attention. How many Englishmen, on the other hand, know anything of the city-manager plan, of the real working of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, of the immense achievement of Congressional Investigation Committees, of what PWA (not WPA) has done for places like the Universities of Washington and Colorado?

We remain incurious when, as it were, at our doors are some of the seminal experiments of this epoch. I doubt whether any English investigation exists comparable to the Cleveland Crime Survey, or that which Dr. Gulick has just completed for the educational system of New York. No one here, to my knowledge, has done a job of equal value to the American report on the cost of medical care. We have nothing to equal the New York Bureau of Municipal Research. Until we are sure that the state of the country justifies our lack of curiosity, a healthy curiosity about the American adventure would, I suggest, be of first-rate importance to the quality of our national life.

I end where I began. We need America and the way to win America is to understand it. We do not trouble to understand it today. For us, it is events in New York and Washington, with an occasional reference to a scandal in Chicago; the real America largely escapes us altogether. It is hardly known to our politicians; it is hardly known to the civil service; it is almost wholly unknown to the public at large. We take it for granted that the United States should be interested in, and sympathetic to, ourselves; we do not seem to realize that reciprocity is the essence of international understanding. If we should begin to awaken to that realiza-

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tion, we might accomplish an immense work for peace. For Anglo-American friendship, like the Anglo-Soviet Pact, is the clue to the main issues by which we are confronted today.

Musical America

By Serge Prokofieff

From *International Literature*, Moscow

CONTRARY to the assertions of some insufficiently informed Europeans, Americans are sincerely interested in music and many of them really love it. There is a very great desire in America to know good music and make it a part of the country's culture. The famous American slogan of having the best of everything at any cost impels them to spend large sums in attracting those who have succeeded in winning a reputation in Europe. Thus, the most talented performers are drawn to the United States where very fine orchestras are formed, enrolling musicians from various countries. The French provide the wood winds; the Germans, the brasses; Russians and Italians, the string instruments. Such orchestras as the Boston Symphony, the New York Philharmonic or the Philadelphia Orchestra are undoubtedly the best in the world.

Concert life in the United States provides a real treat for the visiting European, for he can hear all the famous soloists and enjoy marvelous ensembles.

As for the Americans themselves, they have learned to appreciate and expect fine performances, and I noticed that many musicians arriving from Europe have to be on their mettle in order not to have their failings shown up.

The situation is somewhat different when it comes to composers. Whereas performers can be attracted from Europe, it is obviously impossible to create a composer in the same fashion. Of course, many European composers visit the United States, but their own, national, American creative work has not yet fully blossomed forth.

In this connection the American music lover has come to have a psychology somewhat different from ours. Whereas in the course of the past hundred years we have had an uninterrupted procession of important composers who gave the listeners problems to solve, America has been visited, though with some delay, only by composers already recognized in Europe.

Our public, as well as that of France and Central Europe, is accustomed to pass its own judgment on the quality of the music of a new composer. I would even go so far as to say that the public has grown to love this practice. Audiences are interested in hearing a new work, they argue over it, praise or condemn it. True, good things are often condemned, and worthless ones loudly praised. However, the misunderstanding is cleared up sooner or later, 'real' compositions triumph, even though sometimes not at once. But, after all, this reflects the pulsation of genuine musical life.

In America the public is little accustomed to such practice. For this reason it is hard for a new composer to make his way. The music critics reason somewhat like this: out of a hundred composers hardly more than one will achieve immortality. So, the critic thinks, if I do not understand a new piece and write that it is bad, the chances are ninety-nine to one that I shall prove to be right. The critics forget that it is exactly their business to discover that certain 'one' out of the hundred. I have been making concert tours in the United States for the past twenty years and see how much more pointed and precise are judgments of Americans about performers and performances than about the new idiom of a new composer.

This does not mean that Americans lack interest in composers. But it comes with some delay. Thus, Brahms, a composer who is not given to superficialities, whose works are imbued with a rich inner life, is in great vogue in the United States now. The interest in him bears witness to

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the high level of American musical culture. But Americans began to understand and love him only many years after his death.

At present there is a great desire in the United States to create its own music, I might say, a longing for a national American composer. And while this desire has not yet been completely fulfilled, certain musical manifestations characteristically American are quite apparent.

In this respect it is interesting to analyze the potential rôle of jazz music which is, on the one hand, a typical American product and, on the other, stands apart, as it were, from real, great music.

Jazz grew out of altogether different elements. Here we have, for example, the florid, syncopated rhythm of Negro origin. We find here, too, melodic devices from the Anglo-American folk song, by which I mean a song partly English but with an American twist. We also have the sentimental wailings of the dance hall and cabaret which are of lower origin.

Many serious musicians are repelled by jazz. Others are interested in it. I think it all depends on which element in jazz one stresses: if it is the element of vulgarity, then jazz is tiresome and even repulsive; if, however, one chooses what is best in rhythm, melody and instrumentation, one may come across great riches. The many orchestral effects which we find in the best jazz music are particularly interesting. Moreover, some of the performers in a jazz orchestra, as for instance those who play the trumpets, trombones, clarinets and percussion instruments, have developed a technique of which corresponding musicians in a symphony orchestra have never dreamed. To listen to those masters of the jazz band is interesting and useful not only for composers, but for performers as well. Some of us think that a jazz orchestra is necessarily something noisy, fit to split the eardrums. On the contrary, the most famous jazz bands in America are rich in nuances and parade their *pianissimo* effects.

It is in these best elements of jazz that contemporary American composers try to find the basis for their national music, attempting to sift out the vulgar and preserve what has unquestionable value.

In this connection one's attention is drawn to the composer George Gershwin. First brilliantly successful as a composer in the light genre (jazz, lyrics, musical comedies, films), he later tried to apply his talents to serious music. Gershwin undoubtedly possessed great talent, but his early work in the field of light music was like a millstone around his neck when he turned to serious composition. More precisely, he never could establish definite criteria for the things he composed in the field of symphonic music. Gershwin had worked so long on music of doubtful taste, that in a piece in which he would reveal his talent as a composer of serious music, he would unintentionally slip into some trifling *motif* in poor style. Patriots of American music were ready to proclaim him the long-awaited star, and Gershwin might have possibly made good this claim. He died all too soon, unfortunately, but the very fact of his appearance gives grounds for supposing that one must look in this direction for other composers who will create and develop a new style in American music.

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BOOKS ABROAD

A Doomed Profession?

Art Lies Bleeding. *By Francis Watson. London: Chatto and Windus. 1939.*

(Herbert Read in the *Listener*, London)

THIS book is written in such a witty and amusing style that it may not at first be recognized for what it is—a serious and well-documented research into the economic position of the artist today. In the course of his exposition Mr. Watson reveals such an appalling state of affairs that the reader may again be tempted not to believe him. But for most of his facts he can quote official authority, and where his conclusions are based on his own inquiries, they would seem to err if anything on the liberal side. He has analyzed the incomes of an unspecified number of representative artists, 'the type of good average celebrity which our discerning parent is conceivably wishing for his son,' and arrives at the following mean figures:

Good year	£180
Bad year	Nil

But such a top figure is only representative of a very small percentage of the 10,000 odd 'painters, sculptors, engravers, etc.' listed in the 1931 census. There is a still smaller percentage that earns considerably more; but the vast majority earn less—by the practice of their art. We must next inquire into the cost of earning this sum, and again Mr. Watson makes a very modest assessment. He allows only £70 for studio rent, heat and light, £30 for material and £34 for carriage, framing and insurance; but with other necessary items he quickly reaches a total of £189. The cost of sustaining life, Mr. Watson adds with his customary irony, will be an additional charge.

Mr. Watson next examines the social status of the artist, which is a subject for his wit rather than his accountancy, and then turns to a more objective inquiry—the treatment of the artist by the State and by official bodies generally. Here the position is still paradoxical. Every year no fewer than 60,000 young people are being trained in art schools recognized and supported by the Board of Education. It is impossible to discover what proportion of the 150 millions spent annually on education is allotted to this particular subject, but it must be a considerable sum. It is equally difficult to discover how much the State spends on the productions of the artists it helps to train, but when the cost of preserving ancient buildings, of buying antiques and building palaces to house them is deducted, it must be almost negligible. Mr. Watson estimates it at not more than £600. The municipal authorities are rather more generous, but completely indiscriminate. They appoint gallery directors at insignificant salaries, and value their advice accordingly. They prefer to indulge their own uninstructed taste, and when time has revealed the true value of their indiscretions, it is art that suffers in their estimation—it becomes a bad investment.

Mr. Watson then deals with the artist's relation to the art trade, and here he is perhaps a little unfair to the dealer. The support the dealers give to contemporary art may seem trifling and the conditions they impose on the artist exorbitant. The problem should, however, be viewed against the wider background of the commercial system. Commercial custom prescribes a certain area in London for this trade; the rents in that area are such that the sale of modern pictures at £30 to £50 could never pay them; the dealer is therefore compelled either to indulge in modern art as a side-show to ancient art, or to create artificial scarcity values which raise the price of modern pictures to a

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profitable level. In short, modern painting is damned by the same conditions that make the production of modern music or the publication of modern poetry impossible: the articles in question are not viable within the present commercial system. It follows as a consequence that the criticism of modern art is not an activity for which space will be found in a commercial press—the two or three daily papers which pay any attention to the subject could hardly justify this feature before a meeting of shareholders.

It is these circumstances which make decadence of the Royal Academy so regrettable. Here is an institution, placed securely above the commercial system, enjoying emoluments and dispensing endowments, blessed with the patronage of Royalty and the annual encomiums of the Cabinet, the ideal instrument, as its founders intended, for the promotion and protection of the fine arts. Its actual failure to live up to those ideals is examined by Mr. Watson in some detail, and his vigorous criticism brings to a head the growing demand for a drastic reform of its constitution and administration.

In a concluding chapter Mr. Watson reviews the 'assorted styptics' which are being applied to stop the bleeding body of art. None of them is proving effective—not even those vast schemes of relief which have been introduced in the United States. The truth is that art is suffering from a fatal disease, a disease not peculiar to art but affecting, with various symptoms, the whole of our civilization.

Out of the Mouths of Nazis

Germany's Chances in War: As Seen in the Mirror of German Official Literature. *By Ivan Lajos. London: Gollancz. 1939.*

(From the *News-Chronicle*, London)

AN INCONSPICUOUSLY placed notice in the Budapest press indicates that the book *Germany's Chances in War: As Seen in the Mirror of German Official Literature*, by Ivan Lajos, has been withdrawn from circulation. There is an interesting story behind this.

Only a few weeks ago the publication of this book of only 99 pages burst upon the city of Budapest like a bombshell. Although it sold at a comparatively high price, it rapidly became a best-seller—nearly 30,000 copies were sold in less than a week—which the Hungarian Censor made no effort to suppress for an amazingly long time. Not one single review appeared in the newspapers and the book was not even mentioned in the news or gossip columns, yet all Central Europe is talking about it, it is passed from hand to hand, particularly now, after it has been suppressed. It is read by high and low alike and is having a profound effect on Hungarian opinion. Copies of the book have found their way to the desk of every Hungarian official; although no one knows when they came or how they reached their destination.

The author, Dr. Ivan Lajos, a Hungarian professor in the University of Pécs, is not a Jew, influenced by the anti-Semitic tendencies prevailing in all the spheres of German influence, but a one hundred per cent Aryan. Although he holds an official position—corresponding roughly to that of an Oxford don—and although Hungary is a State where such people can be removed from office with 'no questions asked,' no attempt has yet been made to unseat him.

The book arraigns the official policy of the Hungarian Government in its attitude of subjection to Germany; it gives extracts from speeches made by German officers and high Nazi officials and quotations from Nazi documents revealing German weaknesses during recent years.

It must, however, be pointed out that the book does not purport to give the latest information upon all subjects and does not, therefore, necessarily give the complete picture of Germany's present-day chances in a war.

Dr. Lajos declares that his purpose in

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writing this *exposé* of Germany's fundamental weaknesses, as admitted by her own leaders, is to show that Hungary backed the wrong horse in 1914 because of her belief in the same myth of invincibility that Germany is trying to revive now; that Germany's plan today is again based on the possibility of a victorious 'lightning war;' and that it would neither be a quick war nor could she win it if she dared to fight.

Dr. Lajos speaks, first, of what his own country has to hope from Germany. 'Herr Benno Graf, recognized as a German authority on Germany's rights for more living-room in the East, stated in a speech in Munich in 1933: "Hungary needs us: not we, Hungary. In the long run Hungary's policy is decided by Germany, and now by Nazi Germans. Miserable, paltry Balkan Hungary, with its mere 8,000,000 hateful people, has no right to demand an oath of allegiance from its German subjects."'

Maps are already in circulation in both Germany and Hungary showing the frontier drawn at the River Raba and Lake Balaton in the center of Hungary.

Having shown what would happen to Hungary after a German victory, Dr. Lajos turns his attention to her chances of winning it.

In the last resort a war is fought by men. 'You can drive men to the slaughter,' said Pintschovius, the German military writer on the General Staff, 'but you cannot drive them to fight.' What of the men in the German State?

Himmler, explaining in 1937 to the General Staff itself what steps he would take in a war, said: 'We should have to fight on an internal front as well as the army, navy and air-force fronts. Any neglect would result in the loss of the war. Therefore, any unreliable elements would have to be confined in a concentration camp.'

As Greater Germany contains millions of 'unreliable' Czechs and Austrians, not to mention some millions of Germans opposed both to war and the Nazi régime, Herr Himmler may look forward to having his concentration camps reasonably full.

Dr. Lajos summons Herr Muhlner to witness from his book *War and the State* the crying need for trained officers and non-commissioned officers in the German Army. Pre-Nazi Germany had 42 generals, 600 staff officers for its seven infantry and three cavalry corps. The existing army, on this basis, would require a six-fold increase in these numbers, but only in respect of generals have they been able to reach the required minimum.

According to the German military system, a mobilized army consisting of 100 corps should possess at least 5,000 generals and staff officers. On their own figures they have only 3,850 available. And even of these the vast majority have been promoted with ultra-rapidity.

And the lower in the military hierarchy one goes the more fantastic are the promotions and the greater the gaps between service and rank.

So much for the men: what of the transport?

Germany is spending only 10 per cent of what her railway officials say they require for new rolling stock. The normal rate of (peace-time) maintenance proves too great a burden to sustain. Trains run from eight to ten hours late—even expresses—and accidents have increased from 400 in 1932 to more than 1,000 in 1937. Under war conditions, with industries centralized in the interior to avoid air attack, the length of journeys would be doubled and a double strain put on the railways.

Even in man-power, says the *Militär-Wochenblatt*, every man at the front needs eight men on the home front; but Stephen Possony in 1938 restated this figure at 12. Thus Germany would require the co-operation of other States to support her armies in the field—and there are no such States available, for Italy, presumably fighting on Germany's side, would be faced with the same problem as Germany.

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The same authority calculated that to sustain the presumed army of 3,000,000 men there would be needed 54,000,000,000 workers behind the lines!

Colonel Thomas, writing for the officially published *Kriegwirtschaftliche Jahresberichte 1936*, edited by Major Hesse, and supplied to the German War Office, said: 'Once before false assumptions of a successful "lightning war" landed us in utter disaster: that is why in these days of aerial and tank warfare we should not be misled by such dreams again.'

Oil, gold, food-supplies, the armament industry, even prestige—and perhaps more important than all these, the certainty of America's attitude—Dr. Lajos reviews them all as seen by German eyes. There is not a word of comment: readers can draw their own conclusions.

Enemy of Women

Les Lepreuses. *By Henry de Montherlant. Paris: Grasset. 1939.*

(Claude Barjac in *Ordre*, Paris)

ALEXANDRE Dumas, *fils*, once wrote a book called *L'Ami des Femmes;* now M. Henry de Montherlant has presented us with *The Enemy of Women*, in four volumes, the last bearing the telling title: *Les Lepreuses* (The Lepers). This 'enemy' does not avoid his adversaries. He frequents their houses, he listens to them willingly, so that he may better learn how evil they are. He doesn't break off with them till the last minute. He continues in this vein for four volumes—and the reader doesn't regret it—explaining his sentiments on the female beast, 'difficult to know, a creature naturally inclined to evil.'

M. de Montherlant deals only with young girls, but that is only because he sees in them the future women, and he wants to destroy the baneful germ before it grows. These young girls—and he always seems to choose those that best bear out his theory—he treats as grown women; and his fear is that they actually will become women.

However, M. de Montherlant's hatred, which he wears on his sleeve, which scandalizes his readers and at the same time affects them deliciously, does not impart as much originality to his work, as he would like to believe. In French literature there are many precedents for such misogyny, some of them illustrious. For instance, we could quote from the famous tirade of Gros-René. And remember Figaro's cry: 'O woman, woman! Weak and deceptive creature! . . . No animal in creation has such strong instinct to betray.' But in Beaumarchais and in Molière, woman triumphs in the end, and one forgets the trials of the lover. M. Henry de Montherlant has it differently: his hero, Pierre Costals, gets the last word, or, if you prefer, the last silence.

But of what does he actually accuse women? He tells us in an appendix, the sole purpose of which is to list the reasons for his hatred. He cites them as the direct cause of all the troubles of the Western world—these troubles are chiefly a lack of realism, a sort of masochism, the desire to please, gregariousness and sentimentalism. He accuses them of governing France 'in spite of manifest unworthiness, in spite of their complete lack of foresight and weakness of judgment.' He says they could not do this were it not for the stupidity of men and adds that, having done it, they have brought about the decadence of a whole people. These are grand phrases, but isn't it possible that this denunciation only hides a personal repugnance? M. Robert Kemp, one of our most intelligent critics, suggested that perhaps M. de Montherlant didn't choose exactly the most opportune moment for his diatribe. The author of *Les Lepreuses* replied that, on the contrary, he had wished to write a realistic book, and that he was working for 'the greatness of the male by continually exalting his reason; the courage of the male, by preaching manly behavior; the happiness of the male, by saving him false steps and needless torments.'

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Excellent intentions, but does their universal character justify the egoistic attitude of M. de Montherlant's hero?

After the War, the relations between men and women changed somewhat. In the '20's *Werther*, or *Le Lys dans la Vallée*, could hardly have been written, much less published. It was a period which one could label 'Sentimental Imperialism;' a period of which M. Gerard Bauer, said: 'There is no longer love in Paris, only love-making.'

Some women, during the War, had to take over the duties of men; men retaliated by disparaging them. Some women, on the other hand, gave themselves up to pleasures; men sought to get revenge for the pleasures women had had in their absence. Of course it is scarcely necessary to add that men, coming back to peace after four terrible years, naturally tried to immerse themselves in diversions of all kinds. They only wanted to play with life, to extract all its pleasures.

From love they wanted pleasure, but they were distrustful of it, and had no scruples. They said that it was a source of illusions, and they pretended to have none. On the other hand, women were intractable; full of their new liberty, they were not prepared to give up their equality with men. So men reasoned thus: If an offer were turned down, why insist? If a woman was receptive, why not be free? It was every man for himself. There were too many girls; and there was not enough time to choose.

M. Henry de Montherlant is the last representative of this 'Sentimental Imperialism.' For this reason, his work is a little dated. For it is not so much other men whom he wishes to save, but his own liberty. It is not so much the women a man has as the woman he marries, M. de Montherlant is convinced, who destroys his liberty.

Altogether, M. de Montherlant's four volumes against women seem to have only this object: to persuade himself not to get married, and to persuade all men to keep away from marriage. It is a thesis ably defended by M. de Montherlant's talent—if scarcely an appropriate one at a time when M. Daladier is earnestly seeking to increase the birth rate.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Bewilderment on the Left

Adventures of a Young Man. *By John Dos Passos. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1939. 322 pages. $2.50.*

ANY book by Mr. Dos Passos deserves very careful consideration, for if his achievements have not always kept pace with his ambitions, his aims have ever had a spaciousness and tensity and contemporaneity to be found in only four or five of his colleagues. He knows what eats people when they feel like rending the pillow, he knows what men and women vainly yearn to find in one another, and he knows precisely how the lack of a cheese sandwich can wither the soul. Because the hidden tear in a friend's eye apparently affects him more than the anguish of the masses, his individualistic novels, so to speak, bear up better than his works dealing with larger aggregations. *Three Soldiers* and *Manhattan Transfer* can still be read with much profit, and probably will continue to be so for many years to come, while a recent book like *The Big Money* already seems mannered.

Mr. Dos Passos's present volume relates the Odyssey of Glen Spottswood from college-boy bewilderment, through the greater bewilderment of 1929 when the American Communist Party seemed to have the answers to all the problems of creation, to the despairing conviction that 'the first duty of every revolutionist is to fight the Communist Party.' This development—or misreading of events, if you please—has overtaken many people who are revolted by the apparent stupidity and untrustworthiness of a considerable body of radical leadership in America. It clearly merits the attention of a novelist of Mr. Dos Passos's calibre.

He succeeds admirably when he confines himself to Glen's personal stresses and strains, so that the first two-thirds of the book display large gifts of insight. In particular, Mr. Dos Passos, better than anybody else, has put on paper brilliant portraits of the semi-prostitutes who take advantage of every earnest young man's endeavor to justify his existence as a social being. Glen found, as so many others have found, that the Gladyses and Marices, with their easy virtue, can drive one to the most abject cynicism, and that there is no more comfort in a tawdry woman who carries a Communist handbill in her purse than one who carries Helena Rubinstein's latest concoction. Mr. Dos Passos knows them all and writes about them sharply. But he begins to wobble when he tackles Glen's ideas. Thus the reasons why Glen turned against the Party after so many years of devotion remains something of a mystery. This constitutes a bit of a mystery in itself, for Mr. Dos Passos knows all the reasons. Perhaps he was too outraged by the betrayal of his former mentors, perhaps he became too furious with them for their real or seeming cheapness, trickery and lack of integrity to write about them with the detachment proper to art. Whatever the explanation for the failure of the last third of the book, it is more polemic than art.

Mr. Dos Passos should not take too seriously the personal onslaughts made upon him by Party critics. Most of them don't like his book because they don't like his politics. Their gabble about the volume's lack of art sounds disingenuous in view of the loud praise with which they greeted such rubbish as *Waiting for Nothing* and *Marching! Marching!* written by authors with 'sound political education.' Neither should Mr. Dos Passos take seriously the lavish praise heaped upon his book by his new political comrades. They also have something to sell. *Adventures of a Young Man*, viewed objectively, is an indifferent book, in parts good and in parts extremely bad. He has written far better books, and he will probably write far better books. Even if, by God's will, he doesn't, he has enough good, solid work behind him to command the enduring respect of honest men and women.

— Charles Angoff

Balkan Primer

The Politics of the Balkans. *By Joseph S. Roucek. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1939. 168 pages. $1.50.*

IN THIS brief book, Dr. Roucek has made the effort to supply a much needed survey of the Balkan region. Two short chapters are devoted to currents common to all the Balkan states, and a concluding chapter hurriedly

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summarizes the international conflict. The remainder of the book surveys the individual States and the ill-defined Macedonian region.

The author's primary objective is to describe political developments. He is concerned with Constitutions, Cabinets, political parties, court intrigues and the like. But the ebb and flow of political maneuvering frequently provides only a surface spectacle, unless economic currents are examined. Obviously aware of this fact, Dr. Roucek has incorporated scattered bits of economic information, and he has properly stressed the conflict between the city and the village. But one misses a systematic survey of agrarian legislation, of standards of living, of working conditions, of trade unions and their relation to the governments, of efforts to deal with foreign investments and with foreign control of the industries of the region.

The story of recent developments is told; the sense of instability and corruption characteristic of Balkan governments is conveyed; and a good account is given of Macedonian tension and terrorism. But education is inadequately treated, the press as a political instrument is overlooked and the treatment of the question of minorities—a serious matter in the Balkans—is so slipshod as to create the impression that the author has made little effort to understand the problem. Minorities are pronounced *noisy* (page 29) without examining the causes of their complaints, and on one and the same page we are told that, 'Minorities are no longer an issue in Greece,' that 'On the whole, the government [Greek] has been none too friendly with the remaining Slav minorities in Macedonia and Thrace . . .' and that 'Periodic complaints come also from Tirana regarding the treatment of Greece's Albanian minority.' There are one or two errors—typographical, no doubt—which should be corrected in a subsequent edition. At least one map should also be included.

—Oscar I. Janowsky

The Incomparable Law

A Cartoon History of Our Times. *By David Low. Introduction and Text by Quincy Howe. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1939. 171 pages. $2.00.*

IF THERE is something funny about a world of viciousness and defeatism, of bombings and betrayals, of duplicity and graft—in brief, about the world of international politics—David Low has extracted it. He has discovered humor in the shape of Chamberlain's knees; he has put a lamb's tail on the seat of respectable old Sir John Simon; he has dressed Hitler in a black satin evening gown and white lilies. Such an attack as his is far more effective than the most violent polemic, because he has made the leaders of Europe hopelessly and forever comic. No one could continue to have respect for Chamberlain after seeing him on a tight-rope in black silk tights, balancing the Shiver Sisters (the Cliveden set) on one end of a pole and the Blimp Brothers (the Imperialists) on the other.

David Low's art is not entirely comic, however. He has achieved a mastery of characteristic faces. His caricatures are startlingly realistic, and the faces of his common people, whether Moor, German, Englishwoman, or Chinaman, have sharp insight. What people have tried to say in volumes about national characteristics, he has expressed with a few easy lines.

And besides being funny about Hitler and Mussolini, he has scope to be sharply pathetic about Beneš, about Jews without passports, about the ruined Basque city of Guernica. He gets to the point as neatly in political situations as he does in national and personal idiosyncracies. One could say that *A Cartoon History of Our Times* is a learned thesis on world politics between 1918 and 1939, so thoroughly and clearly does he understand what is going on. One could say it, that is, if Low hadn't made it all so appealing, funny, cruel, sorrowful and utterly human that it is absurd to label his work 'learned.'

Quincy Howe's commentary is straightforward and factual. He allows the cartoons to express themselves, while he discreetly fills in with only the most necessary background.

No truer proof could be shown than this book that England is still at heart democratic. Low uses to the utmost the privilege of free expression, yet he never misuses it. For the real quality of his cartoons lies in their sane clarity and their freedom from emotional fanaticism. No matter how bitter or absurd his humor, there is always visible through it a sincere love for democratic principles and a great sympathy and hope for the oppressed peoples at whose leaders he jeers.

—Katharine Scherman

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Appeasement Lyric

Security: Can We Retreive It? *By Sir Arthur Salter. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 1939. 391 pages. $3.50.*

In a sense, Sir Arthur Salter's book is a tragic confession of the inability of democratic leaders to think clearly on the problem of defense against Fascism. He is concerned with the security of Great Britain in the present world order, and approaches his subject with apparent sincerity and idealism. But like many others, he fails to realize that sincerity and idealism are weapons which in no way match the armaments of their enemies.

If the policy which he unfolds were followed by the Western States, the result would be the complete victory of Fascism. Under the idealism of a 'general settlement' he would grant to Germany the means of wealth to complete her imperialist war machine. He would open the Empire to German trade, and permit the British Government to hand over raw materials in return for German commodities which the British Government would then undertake to sell. He would re-divide the colonial possessions of the world under the guise of the extension of the mandate system. In short, he would go much further in the subsidization of Fascism than the policy advocated by the ex-Premier of Belgium, Paul van Zeeland, of uphappy memory.

The tragedy of his position lies in the fact that the author realizes that this policy will not be effective in the defense of Britain. To achieve security, Britain must arm as never before. A National Government, more 'national' than the one that now exists, must be set up with complete control over men and industries, and Lord Halifax should be the Prime Minister. The Parliamentary Opposition must acquiesce in all acts of the government and the discussion of such delicate subjects as foreign affairs must be limited to a picked committee. What remains of the League should be scrapped and defensive alliances made.'

What the author actually achieves is an academic defense of appeasement. The hero of this tale is not Lord Halifax, but Neville Chamberlain, who, despite the author's criticism, emerges as the man who had the courage to achieve 'peace in our time' by making exhausting airplane flights.

—Francis Williamson

Race in the Light of Truth

Race: A History of Modern Ethnic Theories. *By Louis L. Snyder. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1939. 318 pages. $3.00.*

Race Against Man. *By Herbert J. Seligmann. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. 240 pages. $2.75.*

Louis L. Snyder, Professor of History at the College of the City of New York, offers a scholarly and thorough study of the whole race issue. His book is an excellent historical survey of the various race theorists who are responsible to a large extent for the emergence and growth of the Aryan and Nordic myths which have become so fundamental a part of the National Socialist *Weltanschauung*. It also includes a most revealing discussion of the race myths in France; the Anglo-Saxon myth of the 'white man's burden;' the race theories to be found in the United States and in Italy; the racial aspects of Pan-Slavism, Pan-Turanism, Pan-Africanism, Pan-Asianism; and finally of anti-Semitism.

Race Against Man by Herbert Seligmann, intended for the general reader, is written in a way that cannot help but arouse the reader's interest in some of the burning practical problems which have become our heritage and are the fruits of irrational thinking on the issue of race. The problems facing the Negroes and the Jews today are unfolded in all their tragedy, and a strong plea is made for the clarification of thinking on these subjects. 'Lincoln's statement that a nation cannot endure half-slave and half-free, applies now to the world.'

—Virginia L. Gott

South American Problems

South American Primer. *By Katherine Carr. New York; Reynal and Hitchcock, Inc. 1939. 208 pages. $1.75.*

This 'primer' stresses a point of view too often neglected: the economic forces basic to many of South America's problems and their deleterious effects on Pan American relations. In the author's eyes these forces revolve about the distribution of wealth (*i.e.*, land); incipient industrialization, with its labor problems and threat to long-established landed interests; and foreign investments.

An example: Gomez owned 20 per cent of

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the cultivated land of Venezuela, while five hundred families run the farms and political life of Chile. Argentina is split between the landlords who made the country a leading exporter of cereals and cattle, and new industrialists with little love for free trade. Foreign capital, with its counterpart, Dollar Diplomacy, has meant the support of governments, like Leguía's of Peru, 'favorable to large United States business interests,' regardless of how inadequately they serve their own people. As a result of the concentration of wealth, democratic institutions are non-existent.

Mrs. Carr's sympathies are obviously with the underdog. Her implied program of reconstruction is basically one of agrarian reform, giving the people access to ownership in land and mines now controlled by a 'fraction of the population;' and through this, lifting peasants out of serfdom, changing South America into nations of independent farmers, workers, and business men; and changing the democratic process from a sham to a fact.

Mrs. Carr, of course, is not concerned with a program. Her purpose is an analysis, trenchant and fearless. Yet there are implications. For one thing, much of the future of South America seems to depend on us. She suggests, for example, that loans to Latin America be earmarked for the uplift of the 'submerged masses' rather than to 'maintain minority dictatorships in power'—a highly ethical but scarcely realistic proposal, given the charges of imperialism and attempted hegemony currently hurled at the United States.

—Earle K. James

Non-Violence Clarified

War Without Violence. *By Krishnalal Shridharani. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1939. 351 pages. $2.50.*

KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI took part in Gandhi's famous Salt March at the beginning of the last Civil Disobedience movement. Imprisoned, he went after his release to Tagore's school, and from there to America. A recent Columbia graduate, he will soon return to play *his* part in the forging of a new and stronger and free India. His present book is a notable contribution to the documentary material on Gandhi's technique of political-revolutionary action, and its significance to India and the World. The theory, technique and practice of *Satyagraha*, or non-violence, are traced with exceptional clearness. One of our own great memories, Henry Thoreau, is among those who inspired Gandhi in his lifetime of dedication to service of the Indian People. If only for that reason, *War Without Violence* is a book for the intelligent reader who wishes to penetrate the wall of British-inspired censorship.

—H. Stefan Santesson

Art and Mr. Connolly

Enemies of Promise. *By Cyril Connolly. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1939. 340 pages. $2.75.*

ONE of the ablest young literary critics in England today, and a frequent contributor to the *New Statesman and Nation*, Mr. Connolly discusses all the major writers of the last fifty years, and also tackles the immemorial problems of the artist as related to his times and to his own integrity. What he says is always to the point, often brilliant, and sometimes truly profound.

Here are a few sparkling samples of his *obiter dicta:* 'A preoccupation with sex is a substitute for artistic creation, a writer works best at an interval from an unhappy love-affair, or after his happiness has been secured by one more fortunate. . . . Women are not an inspiration of the artist, but a consequence of that inspiration. . . . It is after creation, in the elation of success, or the gloom of failure that love becomes essential.'

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

professor at Waseda University, until he turned to politics. He held various ministerial posts, and is now the leader of the Minseito Party. [p. 59] This Far Eastern section is supplemented by a spirited description of Shanghai under the terror, as seen by a prominent German journalist. [p. 63]

THE former Premier of post Czarist Russia, Alexander Kerensky, in 'Stalin's Triumph,' gives his interpretation of the reasoning behind Stalin's new attitude to the democracies. He is convinced that the 'new Russian nationalism' is a bluff, and that the leopard never changes his spots. [p. 67]

IT IS one of the curiosities of history that the proposal for a tunnel under the Channel should still remain unfulfilled. Fifty years ago and again in 1930 it was rejected by British military opposition. France has always been in favor of the project. There have been repeated moves in recent months to press for Government action, and lately General Weygand has joined the French Committee backing the scheme. In 'Dryshod under the Channel,' Baron Emile d'Erlanger, the Chairman of the Channel Tunnel Company, sets forth some of the obstacles which lie in the way of reviving this project. [p. 71] In 'The University in Business' a Hindu intellectual outlines a plan to aid the educated unemployed. [p. 74] The last article of our miscellaneous group deals with an interesting experiment in 'Seeing Without Eyes.' [p. 76]

OUR 'Persons' this month deal with three people who function behind the scenes: Sean Russell, the moving spirit of the Irish terrorists, who is known to be behind the current bomb outrages in Great Britain [p. 43]; the 'Mysterious Herr Wohltat,' whose mole-like methods pave the way for appeasement [p. 46]; and Franco's all-powerful brother-in-law, who is credited with running Spain, in his unobtrusive way. [p. 49]

LETTERS AND THE ARTS: The art critic of the *News-Chronicle* gives some salutary advice to the layman on how to learn to enjoy pictures: the main thing seems to be 'keeping your mouth shut and your eyes open.' [p. 84] A musical critic finds that Wagner's popularity is slowly waning. [p. 85]

AS OTHERS SEE US: Harold Laski, one of the most prominent political scientists of our time, has undertaken the surprisingly difficult task of remedying the ignorance prevailing in England on the subject of the United States. Laski spent the greater part of last year here in the United States, lecturing in Columbia University and elsewhere, and he feels that the English have a lot to learn from us. [p. 86] The eminent Russian composer, Serge Prokofieff, writing in a special World's Fair number of *International Literature* describes America's musical potentialities. [p. 89]

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6 New Books Not to Be Missed!

HARRISON-HILTON BOOKS, Inc., a new publishing house recently formed by the publishers of The Living Age, is proud to announce six titles from its first fall list. This list offers a varied fare of fascinating books to meet the tastes of the discerning reader.

TWELVE AGAINST ALCOHOL
by Herbert Ludwig Nossen, M.D.

A renowned specialist on alcoholism writes the case histories of twelve men and women who have gone through the torture of dipsomania, and have been cured.

THE COMPLEAT LOVER
by William Geoffrey

An anthology of love poetry — wicked, comic, pure, dramatic, doleful and philosophic — from Shakespeare to Dorothy Parker.

SEA POWER IN TOMORROW'S WAR
by Fletcher Pratt

The author of "Ordeal By Fire," an authority on naval and military matters, writes a dramatic account of the part that navies will play in the next war.

YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR
by Norman McLeod

A brilliant and subtle novel of the down-at-heels side of American life, presenting a world tense with swiftly-paced action, immediate as your alarm clock.

THE STRUGGLE FOR COLONIES
by Hendrik de Leeuw

A great traveler and authority on colonial problems recounts the results of three years of investigation, during which he visited nearly every large colonial possession in the world.

THE IMPASSE OF DEMOCRACY
by Ernest S. Griffith

A solid, vigorous and informed study of modern government in action, for the bewildered citizen who fails to see anything but confusion and disaster ahead.

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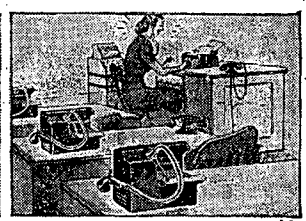

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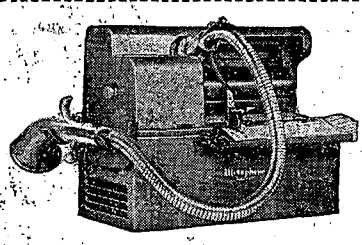

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